The Saturday Evening Post.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 310 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1868. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2469.

MEMORIES.

But a line in a daily paper
  Thousands of eyes would see,
And carelessly pass the record by
  That gives such a pang to me.

Yet our lives had drifted far apart—
  Mine, at my ingle side,
And his, who, I read in the *Post* to-day,
  "On the 4th of October died."

And ours was a quiet liking,
  A simple friendly bond;
It was pleasant to meet, and light to part,
  And never a thought beyond.

Yet, as I read these words to-day,
  Through a sudden mist of tears,
The fair, frank face and the bright blue eyes
  Gleamed out through the cloud of years.

I heard the murmur of the tide
  On the southern shore again,
And the echo of the pony's feet
  In the sandy Hampshire lane.

I saw the sheen of the willow bough,
  And the flushing of the weir,
Just as we watched them long ago,
  In the spring of life and the year.

Ah, well! it had passed away from mine,
  The life that is closed at noon;
And I, who forgot to watch its course,
  Will forget its setting soon.

For the world goes up and the world goes down,
  And the young succeed the old;
And the April sunshine gilds the buds
  That spring from the churchyard mould.

And eyes that of old have answered mine,
  Will sadden as mine have done,
As they glance some day down the list, and read
  That my earthly race is run.

Well, I scarce can frame a kindlier wish
  Than that every lip should say,
"God rest her soul!" as earnestly
  As I breathe it for his to-day.

THE ELECTOR AND THE MONEY PRINCE.

BY LOUISE MUHLBACH,

AUTHOR OF "FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS COURT," ETC., ETC.

SCENE IN THE PAVILION.

At the same moment the door opened and a young man of noble form, of spirited, though earnest countenance entered.

"God be with you both," he said in a soft, musical voice, as he extended his hand to the old man, and nodded in a friendly way to Gudula. She responded to the greeting with a look of cordial welcome, and then calmly bent her eyes upon her work.

"You are come early from the office to-day, Mayer Anselm," said Gudula's father, beckoning to the young man to take a seat upon the bench beside him. "Has anything particular happened to bring you an hour earlier than usual from the counting-house of the great and wealthy Herr Nathanson?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "something particular has happened, and for that reason I have come directly to you that you may give me your advice. For I am well aware that you two are the only ones upon whose faithful friendship Mayer Anselm can depend. I feel for you, Father Baruch, the hearty confidence of a son, and I love you, Gudula, as though you were really my sister."

"Do you hear, Gudula," said the old man, "he calls himself my son, and he loves you as though you were his sister?"

"I know it, and it rejoices me, father," said Gudula, raising her eyes from her work, and bestowing upon her father a look whose significance he alone understood. "Yes, Mayer Anselm loves me as a sister, and I love him as my own brother."

"And I have never had a secret from my good sister Gudula," cried the young man affectionately. "We have grown up together, we have not only played and laughed together, but we have wept and hungered together, and want binds closer than joy. Do you remember how you comforted me, Gudula, when my dearly-loved mother went home to our fathers, and how at her death-bed I wept out my heart's grief and despair?"

"I remember, Mayer Anselm," she replied calmly. "I loved your *mamma* dearly, and therefore I wept with you."

"And you laid your little arms about my neck and kissed me, and you said in your sweet, childish voice: 'I love you, Mayer Anselm!' For which good, kind words I have always loved you, and will love you all my life, and I shall always remain your brother if pretty Gudula will not despise being my sister."

"I will always be your sister, Mayer Anselm. But tell us now what you have particular to relate, and in what father and I are to advise you?"

"Yes, tell us wherefore you are come an hour earlier than usual from the counting-house. The wealthy Nathanson has surely not become bankrupt that his counting-house has closed before the time?"

"No, Father Baruch," replied the young man laughing, "he has not become bankrupt, but through a fortunate speculation he has made ten thousand *florins*. In his joy he increased the salary of each clerk four *florins* a month, and he called me into his private office to speak with me!"

"He wished to speak with you?" asked the old man in tones of astonishment. "Why you are the youngest clerk in the establishment, I believe. How long have you been with him, Mayer Anselm?"

"Three years, Father Baruch, ever since I passed through my apprenticeship."

"Three years, and Nathanson calls his youngest clerk into his private office to take counsel with him?"

"No, Father Baruch, not for that reason," said Mayer Anselm, so hesitatingly and confusedly that Gudula looked up from her work and bestowed a glance of wondering expectancy upon her "Brother Anselm."

"For what reason, then, did Nathanson send for you?" asked the old man.

"For a very singular reason; something which had never occurred to my mind before, Father Baruch."

"It is no misfortune, I hope?" asked Gudula abruptly.

"No, Gudula, no misfortune, but as it appears, rather a great piece of good fortune. The wealthy Nathanson wishes to make me his partner."

"Wishes to make you his partner!" cried Father Baruch, almost beside himself with astonishment. "Is Nathanson demented? Has he lost the little reason the Lord gave him? He wants to make you his partner!"

"He has only made one condition, sister Gudula. He not only wants to make me his partner, but having no son, no successor of his name for the firm, he wants to adopt me, and have me assume his name, that the firm shall be: Mayer Nathanson & Son."

"And the only condition he has made," said Gudula calmly, bending her head over her sewing once more, "the only condition is that you marry his daughter, Violet Rachel!"

"You have guessed it, sister Gudula!" cried Mayer Anselm with an air of relief. "Yes, you have guessed it. The Lord be praised that it is out! Yes, I am to marry Violet Rachel, that is the sole condition Nathanson proposes."

"But you will not do it? You cannot," cried old Baruch eagerly. "Marry Violet Rachel—that is marry a hobgoblin, who would make life a hell for you! Do you not know that she is ugly and squints like a night-owl? Do you not know that she is humpbacked and deformed?"

"I know it," replied Mayer Anselm calmly; "but I also know that she has not become hardened in her heart by the misfortune that rests upon her; she is pious and benevolent, and the poor and sick bless her; you know that as well as I, Father Baruch! She has a beautiful, warm heart, and—"

"And this heart she has given to you?" asked Gudula abruptly. "Violet Rachel loves you, does she not?"

"She has told her father so," replied Mayer with downcast eyes, "and, therefore, as he loves his only child, Nathanson has sent for me, desiring to make me his son-in-law."

"And you?" asked Baruch. "Do you love her in return, this *beautiful* Violet Rachel?"

"No," said the young man thoughtfully, "I do not love her. But I will tell you something, Father Baruch and sister Gudula; I believe I am not capable of loving, it is a capacity denied me by nature. I have strictly examined my heart and find it narrow, contracted, and satisfied with what it has, with the love for Father Baruch and sister Gudula, and I find that it does not desire to feel the ardent glow of passion and the pangs of longing such as poets describe in love. Yes, I have a narrow heart, and it has just room enough for you two and no more! Still I think in the ante-chamber of my heart I will find a place for Violet Rachel, and I will be grateful to her for her love and for—"

"For her money," said Gudula abruptly, completing his sentence.

"Yes, you have spoken the truth," cried Mayer Anselm eagerly. "For her money I will be grateful, she will make me a rich man, and shall I tell you what that signifies? That signifies in this wretched and miserable world she will make me free, honored and honorable. For you know very well the *poor* Jew is a despised *pariah*, an outcast from society, deprived of freedom of will, honor and recognition. I have seen the sorrow and degradation of our people. I have seen, and I see how they are despised and trodden under foot by those who call themselves Christians, and who say their religion is the religion of love and forgiveness. They hate us and persecute us notwithstanding their love, they will not forgive us for speaking another jargon from themselves, for having noses of another cut from theirs, for having black and lustrous hair and eyes, whilst theirs are golden and light, and they make it a reproach to us that we hold fast to the faith and customs of our fathers, of our fidelity they make a crime for us. For us, the *poor* Jews! But when we become *rich* Jews then they forgive us all our supposed crimes, receive us into their society, and feel no offence in our noses, our hair or our jargon! Riches then are of the chief importance to the Jew, for with them he has also honor and distinction. All this I learned in looking about the world three years ago when I returned to the old Jew quarter in Frankfort from starving through my apprenticeship at my uncle's. I paused before our gates, and I fell upon my knees, no one saw it, for it was evening, and darkness reigned about me. I fell upon my knees and I swore to the God of my fathers that I would become a rich man, a millionaire! Not through paltry avarice, not through pride and haughtiness, nor through personal ambition. No, I will become rich for my people's sake, to obtain honor and freedom for you. I will become rich that I may revenge the people of God upon the people of the Son of God. I will become rich that I may have power to raise the people of God from the dust, to uplift it from its degradation and restore to it its sacred rights of humanity. I will become a millionaire that the pale may fall which separates the Jew from the Christian, that they may receive us as citizens in the community of the people, that they may concede us the right to think and believe according to our consciences and our convictions, and yet to become legal citizens of the state in which we were born.

"See, this I have sworn as I knelt at the entrance of our poor Jew city: I will become a millionaire for the sake of my people! and I will keep my vow. I had already saved a little capital, I had saved all these years, had hungered and wanted for the sake of my great purpose, because of this little capital I might make a larger one with which I could undertake an independent business. Of an evening when I came home from the counting-house, I denied no other recreation than to come over here and chat away an hour with Father Baruch and sister Gudula; and after that I would always go home to my little chamber to sit through the night over the books entrusted to me to be regulated by the business people. I have frozen over them in winter, and languished over them in the heat of summer. Often have I wearied and hungered over them, but I have always remembered that I was working to increase my capital, and have counted upon the future when the present was sorrowful. And now," continued Mayer Anselm, his eyes sparkling, and his voice raised to a higher pitch than that in which he had been speaking, "now an opportunity presents itself to obtain my goal more speedily, to overleap years of want and deprivation, to become a rich man with one stroke, so that I can all the sooner become a millionaire for the sake of my people. Say, shall I seize the opportunity?"

Old Baruch was silent, and he gazed questioningly into his daughter's face. Gudula had long since let fall her work upon her lap, and sat listening with beaming eyes and transfigured countenance to the words of Mayer Anselm. Now at his last question, she slowly arose, and advanced with measured, solemn bearing towards him.

"Mayer Anselm," she said, laying her white hand upon his arm, and smiling sweetly upon him; "Mayer Anselm, you ought to seize this opportunity that you may become a millionaire for the honor and deliverance of your people! Go, Mayer Anselm, and say to the wealthy Nathanson that you will marry Violet Rachel, and will become his partner."

"Do as Gudula says," cried old Baruch, solemnly, "for the word of God is upon her mouth, and love is in her heart; as your good angel, she has counselled you."

"Yes, as my good angel she has counselled me," repeated Mayer Anselm, gently taking the little white hand of the maiden from his arm and imprinting upon it a fervent kiss.

A light quiver passed through Gudula's frame, and her cheeks grew deadly pale, but the young man was unconscious of it, his head was still bowed over Gudula's hand, and he still held it in dreamy silence to his lips. Gudula, however, with a gentle firmness, withdrew her hand; and now Mayer Anselm started as though awakening from a deep dream.

"You, then, consider it best for me to accept the proposition, Gudula?" he asked. "But have you also considered that I do not love the maiden? Will I commit no wrong in marrying her without thinking of herself, but of her money alone? Shall I be able to make her happy without love?"

"You will make her happy, Mayer Anselm," replied Gudula, slowly, and as it appeared, accidentally turning her head aside, "you will make her happy, for she loves you, and will possess you. But now, farewell, Mayer Anselm," she continued, hastily rolling up the work upon which she had been engaged; "I cannot wait any longer; I have a long walk to take. If you have time to stay with father, do so."

"No," said Mayer, rising, "I must go too. I must sit up and work the whole night, for I shall have to close up all the books I have been keeping for the business people. To-morrow I must deliver them up to their owners, for of course I cannot continue to keep them. This petty business is at an end, and the partner of rich Nathanson will have henceforth greater and more important tasks to execute. Farewell, Father Baruch; when we meet to-morrow all arrangements will be made, and I shall be Nathanson's partner."

"And the bridegroom elect of his daughter, Violet Rachel," said Gudula, throwing a shawl about her in preparation for her walk.

"And then you will, of course, remove from the little, narrow, dingy, Jewish street," said Baruch; "you will go to the great streets without, where dwell the rich of our people; you will doubtless purchase, like Nathanson, for a great sum, the right to dwell without the bounds of the Jewish quarters."

"No, never shall I do so," cried Mayer Anselm, eagerly. "By so doing I should be untrue to my people and to myself, and would seem to despise my people in its lowliness and poverty, as do the stupid Christians. No, here will I dwell in the midst of my people; and I will share my good fortune with you both as we have shared our poverty. When once I have Violet Rachel as my wife, Sister Gudula can make no further objections, as she once did, on the plea of propriety, to our all living together. When I once have a wife, it cannot be considered improper for us all to live together; and the thought makes my love for Violet Rachel and my desire to make her my wife increase astonishingly; for when she is my wife, Father Baruch and sister Gudula can live in my house."

"Well, we will talk more about it another time," said Gudula, opening the door. "I must go now, the Countess Tettenborn lives in the new improvements on the other side of the city, and I must hurry. Farewell, father, and you, too, Mayer Anselm, farewell."

She hastened out of the door; but no sooner had she crossed the threshold of the house than the young man was at her side.

"It is beginning to grow dark, Gudula," he said. "You have a long distance to go, and it is hardly safe in our dark streets of an evening, for especially since the Landgrave of Hanau has returned from his travels, the streets are overrun with suspicious characters. He is said to be a great libertine, this young Landgrave, and to lay snares for all beauties, especially the daughters of our people. He has been here in Frankfort for about eight days."

"I know it," replied Gudula, calmly, interrupting him.

"What, you know it?"

"Yes, I met him day before yesterday at the Countess Tettenborn's; I was there when the Landgrave arrived, and the Countess bade me wait until he was gone. But whilst I was waiting, she suddenly called me into the saloon. The young Landgrave desired to see if I resembled the picture he had bought, called the 'Jewish Queen.'"

"You should not have gone!" cried Mayer, passionately.

"Why not?" she asked, with proud composure.

"Because the Landgrave is a notorious libertine, whom, they say, none can withstand."

"Well, I shall withstand him," said Gudula, calmly; "there is not the least danger of his stealing my heart. Farewell, now, Mayer Anselm!"

"Will you not allow me to accompany you to your Countess Tettenborn? By-the-way, I have never heard of the lady. How did you come to know her? Has she lived long in Frankfort?"

"No, she has lived here but a few weeks. She sent for me to do some sewing for her. I was recommended to her by the Baroness von Nimxwitsch, and she pays well. Farewell, Mayer Anselm."

"I may not go with you?"

"No, Mayer, you have work to do, and time is money!"

She hastened forward with brisk, energetic step. The moon lit up her slender, graceful figure, casting a long shadow of her form across the street. Mayer Anselm stood on the other side of the way gazing after pretty Gudula, until she disappeared around the street corner, then he turned slowly and entered the poor house of which he occupied a garret.

"After all I should have gone with her," he said, musingly; "she is far too pretty to walk alone through the streets of an evening. Perhaps it would be well for me to follow her, and—but no," he said, interrupting himself, "Gudula would only laugh at me, and she would besides be offended if I should follow her, she might think I mistrusted her, and did not think her capable of taking care of herself. Besides, Gudula is right, time is money. So I will go to my work!"

And he seated himself at the ricketty old table, upon which were piled up the counting-house books, and began to work. But in the midst of his labors he often paused to grow uneasy over the thought of Gudula on her way alone to the remote suburbs of the town, and from time to time between the rows of figures there would gaze up at him Gudula's great, flashing eyes.

"I never could have believed it were possible to worry so about a sister," said Mayer Anselm, shrugging his shoulders. "It is absurd of me, and I shall go on with my work and not think of it any more. These books have got to be all finished to-night." And so he hurried himself in his calculations, and counted, counted and wrote diligently and indefatigably. Hour after hour passed by, all had grown still in the streets, every sound of life had died away. They all slept, they reposed from the weary labors of the day, these poor, despised inhabitants of the Jewish city. Mayer Anselm rejoiced to think of it, he breathed more freely, and in spirit cried a hearty "good-night" to all the brothers and sisters of his people. Then he must have thought of Gudula again, for he arose, just to breathe once, and approached the window to cast a glimpse at the dark house over yonder, and send a "good-night" also to sister Gudula. Strange, the house over there was not yet darkened, there yet burned a light behind the windows of Baruch's dwelling-room, and a restless shadow was visible through the curtains, that came and went at equal intervals. It was not the shadow of Gudula's neat, slender

form, it was that of a man. It must be old Baruch who so restlessly paced to and fro. Something unusual must have occurred to old Baruch to keep him up so late and make him thus restless. Never during the three years that Mayer Anselm had lived opposite him, never had old Baruch done so before, every evening as the clock struck ten had the light disappeared from the window opposite. Mayer Anselm had observed this every evening, and he had always known at this sign that Father Baruch and sister Gudula had gone to rest. And now the town clocks had struck twelve, and Baruch was still awake, restlessly pacing his chamber! And where was Gudula? Not once had her shadow appeared beside that of her father! Where, then was Gudula?

As Mayer Anselm asked himself the question for the second time, he sprang with a hasty step to the door, tore it open, rushed down the steps, out of the house, and stood still in the street.

The shadow opposite, behind the curtain on the ground floor, still moved with the same restless uniformity.

Mayer Anselm paused for a moment irresolute. "I don't care," he said at last, half aloud, "I don't care if Gudula does make sport of my alarm. It will be easier to bear that than longer to endure this anxiety. I shall go over!"

And with two strides he crossed the street, and tapped on the window pane.

The curtain was hastily drawn up, and Baruch cried out joyfully before the window was yet open, "Is that you, Gudula? Have you come at last?"

"She has not come home yet, Father Baruch!" asked Mayer Anselm, and he felt as though two iron clamps were laid around his throat threatening to choke him.

"It is not Gudula!" bewailed the old man. "It is only Mayer Anselm!"

"Yes, it is only I! But let me in, Father Baruch, we must hasten to consider what is to be done!"

The window was closed, then the shuffling step approached the door; it was thrown open, and Baruch admitted the young man. He followed the old man into the room, closing with trembling hand the door behind them both. His eyes wandered with a half frightened look through the dimly lighted room, as though in search of something. Then they were raised to the face of old Baruch, who stood speechless and trembling before him.

"She has not yet returned home?" inquired Mayer Anselm, after a pause.

"No, she has not returned," cried the old man in a dull, hollow tone. "She has been gone six hours, and not home yet!"

"I shall go in search of her, I shall fetch her home!" said Mayer Anselm, resolutely. "Describe the way, Father Baruch, I'll fetch Gudula."

"I do not know the way, Mayer Anselm."

A cry, whether of anger or pain, escaped the young man's lips. "You do not know the way, Baruch? Do not know which way Gudula has to go when she sets forth in the night and obscurity in search of work? You are a bad father, Baruch. You do not treat your good, beautiful child right. For you she works, for you she troubles and torments herself the whole day long, and you do not even know which way she goes when she sets forth!"

He said this in a loud, angry tone, and yet his face was pale and sorrowful, and there was a painful quiver about his lips.

Baruch stared at him, not knowing what answer to give in his deep anxiety to the bitter reproaches of the young man.

"She has told me about where the Countess Tettenborn's villa is situated," he began at last, timidly.

"Where, then?" cried Mayer, abruptly. "Just consider a moment, Baruch! Everything depends upon your remembering."

"The villa is situated in the new part of the town, over on the Main," said Baruch, slowly, musingly, and searching his memory, as it were, for every word. "There have been many new villas built there recently, Gudula has told me, but the villa in which Countess Tettenborn resides is the largest and handsomest. It is the last villa on the right hand side, Gudula has told me, and is one story higher than the other villas, and behind it is a large, beautiful garden, in which there is a pavilion so large that a whole family might dwell in it."

Mayer Anselm was listening breathless.

"Proceed!" he cried, authoritatively, as Baruch paused.

"I have no more to say, Mayer Anselm," replied Baruch, dejectedly.

"It is enough, Father Baruch," said Mayer, resolutely, "enough to enable me to find it. I know the neighborhood, and your description will aid me in finding the house. Forgive me, Father Baruch, if I was impatient. It was only anxiety about Gudula. Forgive me!"

"I have nothing to forgive, Mayer Anselm. Only bring me Gudula home alive, and all will be well."

"Alive?" cried Mayer Anselm in horror. "What do you mean by that, Father Baruch? You are quite sure that she went to Countess Tettenborn's villa?"

"I hope so, certainly; yes, I hope so," said the old man, suddenly bursting into loud sobs.

"Do you suppose she might have gone somewhere else?"

"Might! But I will not fear it! No, I will not fear it! We had a little dispute this evening before you came in. I was angry and scolded her because she refused the rich Baruch Nathan, who to-day sued for her hand. I scolded her and said something that pained and wounded her. Then Gudula threatened me she would go where the Main was the deepest and spring into the water, and she looked at me so sorrowfully and earnestly as she spoke that I cannot forget it."

"What could you say to Gudula that would so wound her as to cause her to desire to take her life? Tell me!"

"No, I can and will not tell you, Mayer Anselm, for it was in case I told you that she vowed she would put an end to her life. But I told you nothing, and she knows it, for she was here and heard every word that I said to you. She cannot have jumped into the water, no, she cannot, she has only gone to Countess Tettenborn's."

"And I shall go fetch her back, Baruch. I shall seek her everywhere on the way, and not return home without her. Farewell!"

With these words he precipitately rushed from the room, sprang out into the street, and onward, onward he sped with ever increasing haste. He did not stop to remember that he had left unlocked the door of his chamber, where lay the hard-earned savings of long years, that on the desk were the unfinished books of his employers; he thought of nothing but Gudula, and that he would risk his life to find her.

It was a clear, starry night, the moon had arisen full and brilliant in the skies, and accompanied with its light the restless wanderer who sped onward in such breathless haste, and cast his shadow over the street so that it danced before Mayer Anselm as though it were a companion who was in still greater haste than he to find Gudula. Mayer Anselm remembered how Gudula's shadow had been the last he had seen of her, and an agony of dread oppressed his heart.

"What if that were my last sight of her?" he sighed; "what if she have gone from me so, and with her shadow parted from me forever? No, no," he cried aloud, "I must find her, I must have her again for—"

Why did he pause? Why did he suddenly stand still, as though rooted to the spot? How was it that his thoughts all at once occupied him so completely that he even forgot to proceed? that he stood still gazing at the moon as though its radiant face should explain to him something unlooked for that he had discovered in the depths of his heart? What was it that suddenly transfigured his countenance, and made his eyes shine as with heavenly fire? Had he suddenly grasped the secret that so long had reposed unknown to himself within his soul? Had distress and anxiety about Gudula at last torn away the veil that custom, daily intercourse and the common remembrances of childhood had cast about his heart?

As in an ecstacy he uplifted both arms towards heaven, and his lips murmured words so low, so mysterious, that God alone and the moon up yonder could comprehend them. And then, then there was wrung from his breast a cry, a loud, jubilant cry, a cry of rapture. The statue of Memnon was touched by the first blazing ray of the sun, and it uttered a harmonious sound!

With winged speed he now hastened onwards through the silent, deserted streets, whose quiet was broken only by the monotonous song of the watchman who cried the first hour after midnight, onwards through the gateway that bounded the inner city and led to the new suburbs.

"There are the new suburbs! Oh, God, God, grant that I may fall upon the right house, that I may find *her*, save her if she is in danger, die with her if she must die!"

Still further he sped in breathless haste, past the villas which lay there silent and deserted like great black coffins, over which the moonbeams wove a silver shroud. Past them all, they have no significance for him. It is the last villa alone that he seeks.

And there is the last villa, and there he stands before it, panting, breathless, gazing upon it with a deadly fear in his heart, for it, too, is still and deserted.

"Where is Gudula? God of my fathers, where is Gudula? I must know it—I must find her if I should arouse the whole world from their slumbers."

And he stormily jerked the bell-pull until finally the little window at the side of the main door was opened, and a rough, angry voice demanded the meaning of such a noise at that hour of night.

"I will know whether Gudula is still in the villa," cried Mayer Anselm, defiantly.

"Gudula? Who is Gudula?" snapped the porter.

"Gudula, the daughter of Baruch Schnapper, Countess von Tettenborn's seamstress. She came here this evening to bring back work, and has not yet returned home. She must, therefore, be here; and I have come to fetch her."

"Nonsense! She has been here, and has gone away again! Do you suppose the noble countess would detain a Jewish girl as her guest? Who knows where she may be strolling! Go home—you may perhaps find that the watchmen have brought her back."

And the porter, with a muttered curse, was about closing the window again, but he was arrested by a powerful arm, whilst a voice, choked with rage, cried—

"If I could see your face, your mouth should feel my fist for uttering such shameful words. I shall come to-morrow by daylight; and woe be to you if you dare repeat such calumnies! But now you *shall* tell me what has become of Gudula, or I will scream for help, and arouse the whole neighborhood, and bring the city guard to search the castle. For Gudula has been here, and has not returned home. You must, therefore, be able to give tidings of her! You *must* know what has become of her!"

"And you, you are mad to demand such absurdity!" shrieked the porter. "It would be a good joke if I had to watch all the sewing misses that came for work. But this time I chance to know that the girl, the Jewish Queen, pretty Gudula, has gone from here. It chanced that the noble countess was going out to drive, so she and Gudula came down the steps together, and I heard the countess say, in a friendly way to Gudula: 'If you love flowers, my child, I will give you permission to go into the garden and gather a nosegay. You can go out after that through the little gate in the back garden wall, because it is nearer for you.' And so Gudula went through the park, and passed out through the back garden gate. That's all I know; and now you may clear out; and if you come again, I'll let both dogs loose."

A powerful hand thrust back Mayer Anselm's arm, and closed the window.

A moment the young man stood there stupefied and helpless. Where should he seek the lost one? Whither now bend his steps?

Through the garden she had gone! She had not returned home by the usual way! He must, therefore, seek her by the way she had taken.

Everything depended upon discovering how to reach the gate that led from the park.

He ran around the villa to the side where the park bordered it. A high wall, surmounted with iron spikes enclosed the garden. Cautiously he stole around it.

Oh, moon, moon, be merciful, shine brightly and cast no shadow upon the wall!

And the moon is merciful—it lights up every stone, every groove in the wall; it lights up, finally, the little brown gate at the end.

He has found it—this garden gate. "This then, is the way whence Gudula left the villa! But has she gone from it? Has she really left the park?"

And as a ray of lightning it flashed through his soul, that Gudula had told her father that there was in the park a pavilion large enough to accommodate a whole family.

What if Gudula were now in this pavilion? What if she had been decoyed thither and held prisoner? Was not the Landgrave an acquaintance of Countess von Tettenborn? Had not Gudula seen him there? The wild *roue* and libertine who had bought Gudula's picture? And could one see the picture without loving the original?

A dull cry of rage escaped his lips, and with boisterous force he shook the gate. It gave way, the latch came up and the gate opened. He entered the garden.

A long garden walk bordered on either side with heavy shrubbery lay before him; he traversed it with firm step, searching on every side for the pavilion. Everywhere only heavy shrubbery—no sign of a building.

But stop, there is something glittering like a star through the shrubbery. A light! A light! There, then, must be the pavilion; and there must be some one awake—there still burns a light behind the window.

A little, narrow path leading through the shrubbery lies before him. He hastens to take it, follows it in its serpentine way through the shrubbery, and reaches finally an open, circular spot.

In the middle of this is situated the pavilion, and the windows are brilliantly lighted. Mayer Anselm stands still, panting and breathless, gazing wistfully upon this pavilion that may perchance unsolve the riddle of Gudula's mysterious disappearance.

"And if she be not there? If this last hope be in vain, what then? Oh, my God, what then?" All at once he seems to hear loud, contending voices proceeding from the pavilion.

He hesitates no longer, he goes slowly, cautiously forwards. Nothing stirs around him, no guard watches the pavilion. He can steal close up to it, no one holds him back. The brilliantly illumined windows of the lower floor, to be sure, are so high that one cannot look into them from below, but in front of the middle one of the three windows is a balcony, near which grow some slender acacias. With the agility of a panther Mayer Anselm scales one of the trees, cautiously glides along the railing, and lets himself down on the balcony.

His heart beats so violently that he feels every single throb, and he is obliged to cling fast to the railing in order not to fall. He must collect himself that he may gain courage to be calm and discreet.

The voices continue to make themselves heard, the voices of a man and a woman. This latter voice falls with a well-known, ah! too well known sound upon his ear!

It is Gudula's voice. She lives then, and is close beside him. He has found her again. What though if she were not in this pavilion by compulsion? What if of her own free will she had followed the man who was now accosting her in such loud, passionate tones? Who was this man? What was he saying to her? Mayer Anselm must know, even if that knowledge were his ruin. Softly he stole close up to the windows. The curtain is drawn aside, he sees a magnificently furnished, brilliantly lighted apartment—but he has eyes only for Gudula, who with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks stands in the centre of the room; he has eyes only for the handsome young man in gold-embroidered uniform who kneels before her, gazing up into her face with an expression of supplicating entreaty.

"You will not forgive me, Gudula? You will always be angry with me?" he asked in a mellow, tender voice.

"Yes," cried Gudula passionately. "Yes, I am angry with you, and I will never forgive you as long as I live. What gives you the right to keep me imprisoned here, to forcibly detain me in this pavilion? Have I given you permission to do so? Have I by word or look countenanced such an outrage?"

"No, Gudula, alas! you have not done so. But, my God, you beautiful, idolized child, must I ever repeat that I love you, that I adore you, that I will die if you do not respond to my love? And I love you not merely to-day, Gudula, it is no caprice of the moment. I have loved you for months, I have loved you from the first moment I saw your picture!"

"I curse the hand that painted me!" cried Gudula passionately. "I hate that picture which is the cause of such insult!"

"I bless the hand that painted you," replied the young officer. "I love the picture which is but a weak reflection of your bewitching loveliness. Since I have possessed it I have loved you, and all my thoughts have been concentrated in the determination to call my own the original of this marvellous portrait. For your sake, Gudula, I bought this villa, for your sake permitted one of my intimate friends to occupy it. Oh, I know well that you were as innocent as virtuous, as severe as unrelenting. I had read all that in your face. I knew that I must first tame the timid fawn before I dare show it the face of the huntsman that ventured to entrap it. You have, therefore, only seen the Countess Tettenborn; you only came to get orders for work from her; you did not see how I stole a sight of you through the crack of the door whilst you were speaking with her in the saloon, how enraptured with your pure simplicity, your bewitching grace, I was weaving my net around you with my glances, and yet not daring to approach you. But yesterday I could bear it no longer. I felt that I must hear your voice, meet your gaze; and when I had attained my desires I took a vow to myself that I would hasten the decision."

"And now you shall have my decision," she said with the proud repose and dignity of a queen. "Yes, you shall have the decision. I despise you, I detest the unprincipled woman who was your accomplice. Open the door and let me go!"

Without on the balcony knelt a second young man; tears were in his eyes, both arms were uplifted to heaven, and he whispered to the stars, to the moon: "Blessed be she for these words! I will thank her for them—so long as I live!"

Then he sprang up again to listen, to be ready to aid Gudula.

The young man within had also arisen to his feet, he stood now in front of Gudula with resolute, fiery countenance.

"No," he said, "I will not open this door. I will not let you out. You are in my power, and you shall remain with me by force until through my love, my fidelity, my submissiveness I have conquered your proud heart, and compelled you to respond to my love."

"Never, never shall that be!" she cried angrily. "God of my fathers! hear my vow; never will I forgive this man the disgraceful outrage through which he has brought me into his power, never will I pardon him for the crime, never think of him but with hatred and contempt!"

"Maidens' vows!" said the young officer, shrugging his shoulders. "Luckily, God does not listen to such vows, at least such as thine, my most beautiful child, for your God is no God of Love, but of vengeance!"

"He will avenge me! Into his hands I yield myself and my cause," cried Gudula, uplifting her arms. "For the last time I demand of you to open this door. Let me go! For long, wearisome hours you have detained me here, torturing me with your dishonorable proposals, which alike wound my heart and my pride. Let me, then, go, or by God in heaven I will kill myself, and you will be my murderer!"

"I will not let you go, and you will not kill yourself, Gudula. Now you are angry with me, but you will forgive me, you will at last come to love me. You will become mine, and then you will no longer need concealment, then shall the whole world know of our happiness, of our love. I will surround you with all luxuries, with all the pleasures of life, and—"

"Open the door!" commanded Gudula, interrupting him.

"No, no," he cried passionately. "You shall remain with me. I will bind you to my heart, and will keep you there for ever, and there you shall learn to love me."

"Away from me!" she cried, beside herself, with both hands thrusting back his arms, which were outstretched towards her; "away from me, or—"

The loud crashing of a window pane interrupted her, and as she turned in terrified amazement, she saw an arm stretched through the shattered glass undoing the fastening of the window. The window now opened, and a young man sprang into the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Monkey and the Hawk.

The cook of a French nobleman, whose chateau is in the south of France, had a monkey which was allowed the free range of the kitchen, and which was so intelligent that by severe training its natural propensity to mischief had been subdued, and it was even taught to perform certain useful services, such as plucking fowls, for instance, at which it was uncommonly expert. One fine morning a pair of partridges was given it to pluck. The monkey took them to an open window of the kitchen, which looked directly upon the park, and went to work with great diligence. He soon finished one, which he laid on the outer ledge of the window, and then went quietly on with the other. A hawk, which had been watching his proceedings from a neighboring tree, darted down upon the plucked partridge, and in a minute was up in the tree again, greedily devouring his prey.

The consternation of the monkey at this untoward adventure may be easy imagined. He knew he should be severely whipped for losing it. He hopped about in great distress for some minutes, when suddenly a bright thought struck him. Seizing the remaining partridge, he went to work with great energy, and stripped off the feathers. He then laid it on the ledge, just where he had placed the other, and closing one of the shutters, concealed himself behind it. The hawk, which by this time had finished his meal, very soon swooped down upon the partridge; but hardly had his claw touched the bird, when the monkey sprung upon him from behind the shutter. The hawk's head was instantly wrung, and the monkey, with a triumphant chuckle, proceeded to strip off the feathers.

This done, he carried the two picked fowls to his master, with a confident and self-satisfied air, which seemed to say, "Here are two birds, sir—just what you gave me."

What the cook said, on finding one of the partridges converted into a hawk, is more than we are able to tell.

A Terrible Story.

M. Andreoli, a Russian writer, who was exiled some years ago to Siberia, is now contributing to the Revue Moderne, under the title of "Souvenirs de Siberie," his recollections, not only of Siberian but also of Russian life. In the last number of the Revue he tells a story, the end of which belongs to the present reign, the beginning to the reign of Paul, of whose period it is strikingly characteristic. The emperor's favorite was at that time a young French actress, of whom he was madly jealous. One evening, at a ball, he noticed that a young man named Labanoff was paying her a great deal of attention. He did not lose his temper, but at the end of the ball gave orders that Labanoff should be arrested and thrown into the citadel. He only intended to keep him there a few days "to make him more serious," after which he proposed to reprimand him, and to appoint him to an office which had been solicted for him. Labanoff, however, was forgotten.

"At the death of Nicholas, Alexander II., then full of magnanimity, liberated all the prisoners in the citadel, without exception. In a vaulted tomb, in which it was impossible to stand upright, and which was not more than two yards long, an old man was found almost bent double, and incapable of answering when he was spoken to. This was Labanoff. The Emperor Paul had been succeeded by the Emperor Alexander I., and afterwards by the Emperor Nicholas; he had been in the dungeon more than fifty years. When he was taken out he could not bear the light, and, by a strange phenomenon, his movements had become automatic. He could hardly hold himself up, and he had become so accustomed to move about within the limits of his narrow cell that he could not take more than two steps forwards without turning round, as though he had struck against a wall, and taking two steps backwards, and so alternately. He lived only a week after his liberation."

☞ Sidney Smith, a good authority, says, "In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style." The same writer says:—"All pleasantries should be short, and for that matter, all gravities, too."

☞ "Over a million of the marriageable ladies of England are living to-day in a state of enforced celibacy." Who knows that?

☞ It has been decided in St. Louis that to rob a lamp-post letter-box is mail robbery.

☞ "Have you not mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly said a Sunday Chesterfield to a stranger who entered it. "I beg pardon," said the intruder, rising to go out, "I fear I have; I took it for a Christian's."

☞ A New York paper says of a famous singer, that "she sings a few airs and puts on a great many."

☞ A Frenchman recently drank 84 cups of coffee on a wager. His life was saved by an emetic of salt and water.

☞ Half a million Arabs have died during the Algerian famine.

☞ Thaddeus Stevens and James Buchanan are buried in the same graveyard.

☞ The leaf of the plantain, the kind having the red stalk, is said to be a certain cure for the "hankering" after tobacco. Should there be any of the few who "chaw" anxious to be cured, let them masticate a little plantain leaf a day or two, and they will find relief.

☞ Troy is building a Methodist church, said to be the most elegant building in that city, and costing over $100,000.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Ten copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $3.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 80 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 23, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

Back Numbers.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We still have a good supply of back numbers of THE POST on hand, containing the early portions of "THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," and "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON."

We printed a large extra edition, in order that all new subscribers might be accommodated with these splendid stories.

EDUCATION.

Since writing the article relative to the abolition of the afternoon classes in the German schools, we have seen the following statements relative to the results which have followed:—

"It was principally during the past summer months that the experiment was almost forced upon the authorities. The results are on all sides reported to have been more than brilliant. The forenoon classes are somewhat, but not much longer than formerly, but it is said that the pupils show an eagerness and a vigor in those short morning hours which have never been known before, and their progress is quite in keeping with their keen and energetic assiduity. The most curious point about the matter (says the Pall Mall Gazette,) seems to be the fully authenticated fact that, the schools having hitherto only closed experimentally earlier or later, according to the wishes of the respective head-masters, *the progress shown by the various schools stands in an inverse ratio to the duration of the classes; or in other words, the less hours beyond the four or five of the morning in school, the more did the boys get on with their work.*"

We do hope that our American teachers, and all our school authorities, will take this matter into earnest consideration. The loss resulting from prolonging the hours of study is twofold. First, the body is enfeebled from the want of sufficient exercise in the fresh air. And, secondly, the mental powers are enfeebled by an excess of labor, and by the weakening of the physical ones.

The whole thing is a most serious mistake. The chief end of education should not be the cramming of the memory with a great host of facts and of other people's ideas—but the development and improvement of the whole being, body, mind, and soul.

See what the old Greeks attained by their harmonious culture of the whole being. To this day, their great men stand in many departments of thought and art, at the head of the world. See how they advanced from a coarse and vulgar and monstrous mythology, to the refined theology of Socrates and Plato—from the condition of barbarians to a refined and elegant civilization—one of the most wonderful instances of mental and moral progress which the world has ever seen.

It is impossible to develope one portion of the being properly, without developing all other portions. Our education must be many-sided and harmonious, even for the sake of the mind itself. If the mornings could be devoted to the usual school studies, and the afternoon given to play and sport, to dancing and gymnastics, or to healthy work, in the open air, the mind would develope far more rapidly, and the body improve in proportion.

The brain needs good healthy blood to work with, just the same as the other portions of the frame do. But how can a child, pent in the school-room all day, have good, red, healthy blood? It is impossible. Good blood cannot be formed under such conditions.

But there is so much, it is argued, to be learned. And teachers will persist in endeavoring to empty all the great accumulated oceans of history and science and language, into our poor little pitchers. Sometimes those of us whose children are not very strong physically, are tempted to take them from school altogether. Sometimes, when the schools kill a child for us, we reproach ourselves bitterly for not having done so.

Oh, the folly of it—the insane folly of it! Children are pushed through book after book, and they know very little afterwards of what they have gone through. It is all words, words, words. They learn to repeat their lessons as a parrot does—and in three months, perhaps three weeks, they have forgotten all about it.

We have seen High-School boys puzzled with the simplest questions. In fact, we have been wonder-struck with the ignorance of boys who have been for years under the care of the best teachers in Philadelphia. Nature takes its revenge. To the demand of too much, she answers with a refusal of anything. In this way, beneficent Nature saves many of our children from sickness, insanity, or an early death.

Let parents and teachers abandon once

for all the idea that their children must learn everything. Let them select a few studies, give very short lessons, and then see that those lessons are learned and understood *thoroughly*. Do not let them be anxious to get the children through their books. If the foundations are laid deep and sure, in this active American world of ours, the superstructure will almost take care of itself. But now our education seems designed simply to make us a nation of smatterers.

Harmonious culture of all the powers, the physical as well as the mental and moral—should thus be the great aim of our education. And as a means of mental culture, children should have few and short lessons, thoroughly learned and understood. Will not all intelligent people aid in making American Education conform to these almost self-evident truths?

DOCTRESS.

Dr. Gregory, the Secretary of the New England Female Medical College, is out in a Pamphlet, advocating the use of the term Doctress, in place of the usual phrases, "Female Doctor," "Mrs. Doctor," "Doctor Betsey," &c. In abbreviating, he would write Drss.—the two s's distinguishing the feminine from the masculine plural, Drs.

Dr. Gregory does not say how he would form the feminine plural; probably Drsss—which would certainly have as tremendously imposing an appearance as a lady in full dress, and with a long train, and of course be pronounced Doctresses.

Dr. Gregory says sensibly:—

It is distasteful to most persons to apply to a lady a "masculine appellation," or to salute her with a "How do you do, Doctor?" and hence most women physicians are known only by their original title of Miss or Mrs., and will continue to be until they adopt a feminine style of address. They thereby lose the advantage which a medical title would give them in a community. But suppose everybody should call a woman physician, Doctor, and she should call herself, Doctor, she would only be a *Doctress* still, and would know neither more nor less than if called by her right name.

Physicians make themselves known by their professional signs. It is often difficult to put Christian names in full, together with the initials of one or two middle names, on a door-plate; and so, for example, Josephine Maria Warren, M. D., puts out her sign as Dr. J. M. Warren, or J. M. Warren, M. D.; and Dr. Warren is supposed by passers-by to be a man. But if she puts it out as Drss. Warren, everybody sees at a glance that a woman physician is to be found within; and ladies who have adopted this style are thereby promoting their own interest, as well as the public convenience.

To make Doctor a word of doubtful gender and put out ambiguous signs, would occasion much public inconvenience and many annoyances, both ludicrous and serious. Men in search of male physicians, for special consultations, might be ushered into the presence of lady practitioners; and women in search of physicians of their own sex might fail to find them, because there was nothing to indicate who or where they were; and the servant who was sent in haste to "fetch a doctor," might bring one of the wrong sex, because, in the hurry of the moment, the word male or female was omitted.

A medical lady, whose sign does not indicate her sex, remarked to the writer that a gentleman called and inquired of her, if the Doctor was in? He was, of course, misled by the door-plate. Another lady of the profession said that she was called to a young girl, who was sick; and the mother introduced her as Doctor ——. The girl looked at her, and replied, "*You* are not a doctor; you are a *woman*." The little patient could not reconcile the contradiction. Had the professional lady been introduced as Doctress ——, the whole matter would have been explained to the child's satisfaction.

Some women physicians object to the title of Doctress as being less dignified and indicative of learning and skill than Doctor. On the same grounds they might object to the word woman, because it has not till recently been associated with these attainments. The word Doctress itself is as significant of learning, and every way as respectable, as Doctor, originating from the same honorable source, the Latin *doceo*, to teach; and the true course for the female portion of the profession is, to take their own title and give it reputation by their success, and not build upon men's foundations. If they cannot stand upon their own merits, they cannot stand at all. Others dislike the term Doctress, because it is a little longer and not quite so easily written and spoken as Doctor. For the same reason they might discard the word Mistress, and make Mister a title of common gender, designating a man and his wife as Mr. John Smith and Mr. Sarah Smith, as they say, Dr. John Smith and Dr. Sarah Smith.

But probably the chief objection to the title is, that it sounds a little odd, and is not so familiar to the tongue and ear as its correlative, Doctor. But the objection of novelty may as justly be brought against the medical woman herself; for the diplomatized Doctress is but a new-comer in the world, and the public will as readily become accustomed to the title as to the newly recognized personage.

This difficulty as to the title of medical women has been felt by many of the most intelligent and judicious friends of the cause of female medical education, and especially by refined and cultivated ladies.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, in a letter to the writer, in 1853, earnestly objected to the use of the title Doctor by women physicians, and remarked, "It is neither distinctive nor feminine, and exposes them to ridicule."

We are convinced. It is evident that a lady—or a gentleman—in pursuit of a gentle feminine Doctress, does not want to be ushered into the presence of a horrid masculine Doctor. And *vice versa*. Unless therefore some stronger opposing arguments can be offered than occur to us at this moment, we shall enroll ourselves among the advocates of the new appellation.

A NEW PERIODICAL.—Messrs. Pettengill, Bates & Co., of New York, design issuing, about the first of the year, a new periodical, to be called "Hearth and Home." Mr. Pettengill is the energetic Advertising Agent of that name, and will no doubt make an equally energetic and enterprising publisher.

☞ Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm is publishing a story, called Margaret Merlyn, in the St. Cloud Journal. Mrs. Swisshelm is a talented writer.

☞ A gentleman has recently bought a whole square in a central location in Philadelphia, and is about to build one hundred and eighty-eight handsome dwelling-houses, with large side yards. The entire cost will be more than nine hundred thousand dollars.

☞ A clock having just struck the hour of one, a tender-hearted mother exclaimed, "Oh, what a cruel clock!" "Why so?" asked a friend. "Because it struck its little one!" answered the tender-hearted mother.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SERMONS BY HENRY WARD BEECHER. Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Selected from published and unpublished discourses, and revised by their author. In two volumes. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. This collection of sermons will be very acceptable indeed to the many admirers of Mr. Beecher throughout the country. Perhaps there is no other man, says the Rev. Mr. Abbott, who combines in his preaching the diversity of method and unity of truth that he does, and this varied style the collector has endeavored to illustrate in these volumes. The sermons are intended to present a "true statement of the views the author has maintained, and the methods he has employed for their presentation." A fine portrait of Mr. Beecher accompanies the volumes.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM. A Love Story. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "A Noble Life," &c., &c. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

SYDNIE ADRIANCE; OR, TRYING THE WORLD. By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," "Claudia," etc. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada. This admirable story, Miss Douglas's latest work, is now published in book form. We have no doubt that numbers of our readers, who followed it with such interest while running through the columns of "THE POST," will be very glad to possess it. Miss Douglas is rapidly taking a position among the best of our lady writers. Her stories, without being "sensational," have a sustained interest, which renders them very attractive.

A THOUSAND MILES' WALK ACROSS SOUTH AMERICA. By NATHANIEL H. BISHOP. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING. By "COUSIN VIRGINIA." Published by Wilcox & Rockwell, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

CHARLES DICKENS'S WORKS. "Dombey and Son," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Hard Times." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY. From Rollo to Edward II. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

FRANK MILDMAY; OR, THE NAVAL OFFICER. By CAPTAIN MARRYATT, author of "Midshipman Easy," "Jacob Faithful," etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

QUENTIN DURWARD. A Romance. By SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for December, 1868. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Diamond cut Diamond.

A noted sportsman taking dinner at one of our N. Y. Clubs, exhibited a diamond ring of great beauty and apparent value on his finger. A gentleman present had a great passion for diamonds. After dinner the parties met in the office. After much bantering, the owner of the ring consented to barter the ring for six hundred dollars. As the buyer left the room, a suppressed tittering struck his ear. He concluded that the former owner had sold both the ring and the purchaser. He said nothing, but called the next day upon a jeweller, where he learned that the diamond was paste, and the ring worth about twenty-five dollars. He examined some real diamonds, and found one closely resembling the paste in his own ring. He hired the diamond for a few days, pledged twelve hundred dollars, the price of it, and gave a hundred dollars for its use. He went to another jeweller, had the paste removed, and the real diamond set. His chums, knowing how he had been imposed upon, impatiently awaited his appearance the next night. To their astonishment, they found him in rare glee. He flourished his ring, boasted of his bargain, and said if any gentleman present had a twelve hundred dollar ring to sell for six hundred dollars, he knew of a purchaser. When he was told that the ring was paste, and that he had been cheated, he laughed at their folly. Bets were freely offered that the ring did not contain a real diamond. Two bet a thousand dollars each. Two bet five hundred dollars. All were taken; umpires were chosen. The money and the ring were put into their hands.

They went to a first-class jeweller, who applied all the tests, and who said the diamond was a stone of the first water, and worth, without the setting, twelve hundred dollars. The buyer put the three thousand dollars which he had won quietly in his pocket. He carried the diamond back and recalled his twelve hundred dollars, and with the paste ring on his finger went to the club. The man who sold the ring was waiting for him. He wanted to get the ring back; he attempted to turn the whole thing into a joke. He sold the ring for fun; he knew it was a real diamond all the time. He never wore false jewels. He could tell a rare diamond anywhere, by its light. He would not be so mean as to cheat an old friend. He knew his friend would let him have his ring again. But his friend was stubborn—said that the seller thought it was paste, and intended to defraud him. At length, on the payment of eight hundred dollars, the ring was restored. All parties came to the conclusion, when the whole affair came out, that when diamond cuts diamond again, some one less sharp will be selected.—*Sunshine and Shadow in New York.*

☞ The little river Restonica, in Corsica, has the wonderful property of whitening everything thrown into it. Its waters are clear as crystal, and the small stones which are seen in its bed are as white as chalk. Any kind of metal, but particularly iron, when dipped into it, has the appearance of being plated with silver. The quality of its waters, also, is esteemed highly salubrious.

☞ Judge Curtis, of Boston, once lost a case when pitted against John P. Hale. "I had all the argument," he indignantly said; "but that fellow Hale somehow got so intimate with the jury that they were ready to give him anything he wished."

☞ At a recent sale in England of Sir Walter Scott's manuscripts, Marmion brought $955, Lady of the Lake and Ivanhoe, $1,320 each, and an unpublished MSS., $0,375.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE ELECTION.—Full official returns received at Harrisburg from all the counties in Pennsylvania show a majority of 28,898 for Gen. Grant.

Later returns from Oregon give that state to Seymour by 200 majority. Johnson, Democrat, is elected to Congress from Northern California.

Complete returns from all but one parish in Louisiana show a Democratic majority of over 55,000.

Alabama is now conceded to Grant by about 2,500 majority. In many of the white counties, voting from 1,500 to 2,000, not more than 500 or 600 voted. They either had no opportunity of registering or declined to take the voter's test oath, pledging them not to oppose negro suffrage.

Pillsbury, Republican, has been elected Mayor of Charleston, S. C., by 17 majority.

Gen. Grant's majority in Kansas will be 18,000 to 20,000.

RATES OF TAXATION.—The rates of taxation in the United States in the years 1860 and 1868 will be given in an interesting table, now in course of preparation by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. The exact figures, supported by documentary proof and going into minute details, will appear in the tables when published. The rough estimates are as follows:—In 1860, the Federal tax paid by the people of the United States was $56,000,000; the state tax, $34,000,000, and county, town, special, and other taxes, $54,000,000—making a total of $134,000,000, or about $4.82 for each individual. In 1868, the amount of Federal tax was $500,000,000; state tax, $75,000,000, and the county, town, special, and other taxes, $276,000,000—making a total of $851,000,000, or $23 for each person in the United States.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—In the case of Miss Lydia Becker, the English Court of Common Pleas has rendered a decision, in which all the judges concur, that the common law of England gives women no right to vote.

TEST OATHS.—The New York Act, requiring a voter, if challenged at the polls, to swear that he had not given "aid or comfort to the enemy" during the war, or deserted, or evaded the draft, has been declared unconstitutional by the Court of Appeals, and damages awarded a voter whose vote had been refused under the Act. The Court affirms that the deprivation of the right to vote is a punishment upon any individual, which can, under the constitution of the United States, be no where inflicted, by any authority whatever, except after trial and conviction in the courts, and before juries; proceeding according to the law which existed when the offence was committed, and for an offence previously defined by law.

SINGULAR STATEMENTS.—At the divorce trial of the famous cantatrice, Madame Gueymard, to whom the Grand Opera of Paris paid ninety thousand francs a year, the lawyer of her husband stated that she had been married four times before, and that none of her husbands had been able to live with her. He admitted that his client had repeatedly horsewhipped her, but he claimed that there was absolutely no other way of managing her. The husband, it was proved in court, one evening locked the door of her dressing-room and whipped her for five minutes. She did not utter a scream, but went immediately after on the stage and sung her part as if nothing had happened.

—The International Military Commission, sitting at St. Petersburg, has agreed to prohibit the use in time of war of all explosive projectiles weighing less than 400 grammes.

—General George B. McClellan has been chosen President of the University of California by its Board of Trustees.

—Tennyson has come out against dress coats at dinner, and his boys went, like other youthful Englishmen, wear stove-pipe hats.

—A New York paper suggests as a means of paying the National debt that every office-seeker pay a dollar a week towards its liquidation until he gets an office.

—The New York Herald says a remarkable result of the present state of affairs is, "Exit the Blair family; enter the Washburne family."

—The Boston Transcript is afraid, if all the states this year have Thanksgiving Day on November 26, that "there may not be turkeys enough to go round."

—The formation of a Protestant Church in Madrid has been sanctioned by the Provisional Government.

FRANCE.—At the Council of Ministers, proof was adduced of the existence of a conspiracy for the overthrow of the existing order of affairs in France. A resolution was adopted, providing for the use of the most vigorous measures for its suppression. Public journals will be exempted from interference if they refrain from inciting the people against the government.

ENGLAND.—Lord Stanley, in the course of an address, announced that the differences with the United States were so far settled, that the arrangement made only awaited the ratification of the Government at Washington.

Soda Water Without Soda.

The British Medical Journal says:—"Is the absence of soda from soda water a generally understood fact? That is the dictum of a respectable member of the trade at the recent Pharmaceutical Conference. It was a comment, in the course of discussion, upon a paper by Mr. Proctor, in which he stated that not one of the five samples proved what it ought to be, even in cases where the name of the maker might be expected to be a guarantee of good quality. Several speakers insisted that the less soda the soda water contained the more it was relished. In answer to the observation that it would be highly interesting if soda water manufacturers would let the public know what soda water contains, Mr. A. J. Coley said that four years ago they manufactured soda water with fifteen grains of soda per bottle, and people complained and said, 'what is the matter with this soda water? It tastes like soap.' They then decreased the quantity of soda, and in proportion as they did so their trade increased. He could not state the exact quantity now dissolved, but perhaps it was the fraction of a grain. He thought it very desirable that people should not be supplied with soda water with fifteen grains of soda in it, which, he hinted, might not be conducive to health. If a prescription, however, were ordered by a physician, soda water of a definite strength would be supplied."

☞ A Maine man has picked no less than 1,600,000 cans of green corn this year, employing over 700 hands, not to mention huskers, and having 1,500 acres of sweet corn under cultivation.

South American Notions of Working Mares.

Mr. Bishop, in his recent work, "A Thousand Miles Walk Across South America," says:—"I had heard of the method by which wild colts are rendered submissive, and requested Don Carlos to permit me to witness the operation. The guachos had finished their meal, and as they were about to depart for the pampas, we saddled our horses, and, mounting, were ready to accompany them. On the fellows galloped like the wind, swinging the ends of their bridles over their heads, and shouting boisterously to each other. Three miles were quickly passed over, and we drew up before a herd of several hundred animals, nearly all of which were mothers with their foals. A beautiful young mare attracted my attention, and I must confess that I wished to possess her. I desired the Don to select her for the one to undergo the breaking in process. I saw at once that I had made a *faux pas*, for all the guachos broke into a loud laugh, and declared that 'North Americans must be a queer people. Who ever heard of training a *mare* to the saddle?' 'Why,' exclaimed another, with a contemptuous curl of his lip, 'do you work mares in your country? Why, man, I would as soon think of putting a saddle on my poor old mother's back, and forcing a bridle in her mouth, as of breaking in a *mare!* The people of North America are savages!'"

"Mares are respected in the country of the herdsmen, and it is considered an ungrateful and indecent act to require labor of the mothers of horses."

Brussels Lace.

A story is told in connection with the introduction of the manufacture of fine lace into Brussels which is pleasant in itself, and carries with it a lesson worth learning. A poor girl named Gertrude was deeply attached to a young man whose wealth precluded all hopes of marriage. One night, as she sat weeping, a lady entered her cottage, and, without saying a word, placed in her lap a cushion, with its bobbins filled with thread. The lady then, with perfect silence, showed her how to work the bobbing and how to make all sorts of delicate patterns and complicated stitches. As daylight approached the maiden had learned the art, and the mysterious visitor disappeared. The maiden grew rich by her work, and married the object of her love.

Years afterwards, while living in luxury, she was startled by the mysterious lady entering her house—this time not silent, but looking stern. She said: "Here you enjoy peace and comfort, while without are famine and trouble. I helped you; you have not helped your neighbors. The angels weep for you, and turn away their faces." So, the next day Gertrude went forth, with her cushion and her bobbin in hand, and going from cottage to cottage, she taught the art she had so mysteriously learned, and comfort and plenty came to all.

CASTILE SOAP.—Few persons know of the radical difference between genuine Castile soap and the imitations of it. The basis of Castile soap is olive oil. But if you buy your oil it will cost more than the soap will sell for. So the manufacturer takes the *marc* (the "cheese," cidermakers call it,) from which all the oil has been pressed that profitably can be, and washes out the remainder with a solution of soda. Thus he utilizes a waste product. American Castile soap is a palm-oil soap that resembles the real article in color only. At the present price of gold the importers can put Castile soap on the market at about seventeen cents per pound.

Burnett's Cocoaine is not greasy or sticky. It is far superior to pomades or alcoholic washes as a hair-dressing.
Sold by all druggists.

An Old and Faithful Servant.

The following communication, from the pen of Mrs. Cole, (a daughter of the late George P. Morris,) will be of value to those interested in the subject under discussion:

MR. MORRIS PHILLIPS,
Dear Sir,—In reply to the question you put to me, the other day, as to whose make of sewing machine I am in the habit of using, I would say that we still possess the "Grover & Baker," which has been in our family ever since that firm first commenced business—*the number of years being beyond my recollection.* Now, although the use made of it has been varied and hard, it has never, to my knowledge, needed any repair. I have no hesitation in advising you to give the Grover & Baker the preference, for we are satisfied (having at one time owned two other machines of different makers) that it will, better than any other, fully and faithfully perform all the tasks you may impose on it. Very sincerely yours,
Home Journal. MRS. EDWIN F. COLE.

The Colton Dental Association

Originated the anæsthetic use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, administer it in the most approved manner, do nothing but EXTRACT TEETH, and they certainly do that without pain. So 11,000 patients testify. See their signatures, at the Office,

No. 737 WALNUT STREET,
Below Eighth.
nov21-4t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—For restoring the lost appetite, and removing those secretions which cause sick headache, bile, heartburn, dyspepsia, diseases of the liver and kidneys, this medicine has no equal.

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.18. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.
Family and *Toilet Soaps.* The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated.*
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.
For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 48 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb28-1y

You may be Too Late.

Be warned in time. Diseases like Indigestion and Dyspepsia are not to be trifled with. There is such a thing as being *too late* in these matters. Inflammation, or Scirrhus Cancer, or some other dangerous disease may ensue, when all restoratives, no matter how potent, would be ineffectual. Do not delay then. When the symptoms of Dyspepsia are first experienced resort at once to the great restorative medicine, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, and you will be safe.

But few disorders involve greater suffering, and, if not in itself immediately dangerous, it is the source of many deadly maladies. Even if it did not tend to greater evil, the mental and physical misery it produces is alone a sufficient reason why no pains should be spared to prevent or cure it. In no country on the face of the globe is it so completely domesticated as in our own, where it is found in nearly every household. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS are universally conceded to be the sovereign remedy for this annoying disease, as they act directly upon the digestive organs, correct and tone the stomach, and give renewed vitality to the system. Acting delightfully upon the nerves and soothing the brain, renders them efficacious as a mental medicine, as well as a genial stomachic. If taken as a preventive, they will be found particularly well suited to the diseases arising from the unhealthy season of autumn, and their use will prevent the creeping, unpleasant sensation often complained of when the chills are stealing slowly upon the patient. nov7-4t

Fits! Fits! Fits! Fits

HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find the *Vegetable Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing

EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

Is there a Cure for Epilepsy?
The Subjoined will Answer.

GRENADA, Miss., June 20—*Seth S. Hance:*—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c. C. H. GUY,
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.—Price, box, $3; 2, $5; 12, $27. CUT THIS OUT.
aug1-eow1yt

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.
mar16-eow-tf

Upham's Depilatory Powder

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

Upham's Asthma Cure

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

The Japanese Hair Stain

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-13t

Don't Get Cheated, Look Out.

Get pint bottles, $1, in white wrappers—Wolcott's ANNIHILATON, for it cures Catarrh. Wolcott's PAIN PAINE cures pain, all kinds, and heals all sores without stain or smart. nov21-2t

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
je27-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

MAGNETIC Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct3-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. ALBERT W. DICKSON to Miss THEODOSIA H. BUNDSALL, both of Moorestown, N. J.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN NEAFIE to Miss HANNAH M. BATES, both of Camden.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, HOVENDON SMITH to MATILDA MURTLAND, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. W. A. THOMAS to CLARA, daughter of the late Eli Todd, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. WALTER HEARN to Miss KATE RAYMOND, both of this city.

On the 18th of Oct. by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. CHARLES JAMES to Miss HENRIETTA J. HEIGLE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, CAROLINE R. BUZBY, in her 73d year.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. ELEANOR ELDRIDGE, aged 78 years.

On the 9th instant, SAMUEL GRIFFITH, in his 24th year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. JOSEPH BURR, in his 46th year.

On the 9th instant, Miss CAROLINE E. BECK, in her 23d year.

On the 8th instant, J. EDWARDS LEE, M. D., in his 60th year.

On the 8th instant, JOHN T. GRAHAM, in his 30th year.

On the 7th instant, ARCHIBALD DAVIDSON, aged 28 years.

On the 7th instant, MARGARET HELLER, in her 20th year.

THE WIFE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

From school, and ball, and rout she came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

Her step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads over;
On cheek, and lip, from summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams
From cool Chocorua stealing,
There's iron in our Northern winds,
Our pines are trees of healing.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms
That skirt the mowing-meadow,
And watched the gentle west wind weave
The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer heat
To share her grateful screening,
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face
Had nothing mean or common—
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness
And pride beloved of woman.

She looked up, glowing with the health
The country air had brought her,
And laughing, said: "You lack a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter.

"To mend your frock and bake your bread
You do not need a baby;
Be sure among these brown old homes
Is some one waiting, ready—

"Some fair, sweet girl with skillful hand
And cheerful heart for treasure,
Who never played with ivory keys,
Or danced the polka's measure."

He bent his black brows to a frown,
He set his white teeth tightly,
"'Tis well," he said, "for one like you
To choose for me so lightly;

"You think, because my life is rude,
I take no note of sweetness;
I tell you love has naught to do
With meetness or unmeetness.

"Itself its best excuse, it asks
No leave of pride or fashion,
When silken zone or homespun frock
It stirs with throbs of passion.

"You think me deaf and blind; you bring
Your winning graces hither
As free as if from cradle time
We two had played together.

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,
Your cheek of sundown blushes;
A motion as of waving grain,
A music as of thrushes.

"The playing of your summer sport,
The spells you weave around me,
You cannot of your will undo,
Nor leave me as you found me.

"You go as lightly as you came,
Your life is well without me;
What care you that these hills will close
Like prison walls about me.

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,
Or daughter for my mother;
Who loves you loses in that love
All power to love another!

"I dare your pity or your scorn,
With pride your own exceeding;
I fling my heart into your lap
Without a word of pleading."

She looked up from the waving grass
So archly, yet so tender,
"And if I give you mine," she said,
"Will you forgive the lender?

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man;
And see you not, my farmer,
How weak and fond a woman waits
Behind this silken armor!

"I love you; on that love alone,
And not my worth presuming,
Will you not trust for summer fruit
The tree in May-day blooming?"

Alone the hangbird overhead,
His hair-swung cradle straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle—
The giving that is gaining.

And so the farmer found a wife,
His mother found a daughter;
There looks no happier home than hers
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her,
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about, the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

THE WHITE GIRL OF THE RIDGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER IV.

JANE BURTIS.

"See here, miss, here they are, though yellow and tattered with constant reading, for Terry and me has gone over them again and again, for fear ov missing the maning ov a letter."

Rosie said this, and held out the two bits of discolored paper towards her visitor before she saw that the lady was unconscious, with every feature of her face distorted.

The poor woman's terror at the sight for a moment was too powerful for action, but it soon gave place to her naturally quick thought, and remembering that the lady had been once, as she expressed it, "wrong in the head," she felt sure this was a sudden return of the same disorder, the more so, as yielding to her efforts the face relaxed, and the eyes closed to open again less wildly, and the whole form unbent from its unnatural tension, but Miss McEwing neither spoke, nor in any way seemed to recognize her tender solicitude and care. Such remedies as she could command, (they were few and simple,) were so far effectual as to bring back the life and strength to her guest, who rose and walked a few steps across the floor, but sat down again silent and deathly white, with a strange contraction of the brow and a quick, fitful gleam in her staring eyes.

"Miss, dear," cried Rosie, in an agony of distress, whatever ails ye? Och, what set me to bothering you wid my own past troubles, and John's story and all; maybe it's that that set you wrong. What can I do for you at all, at all!"

The lady, without in anywise heeding her, suddenly appeared to remember something, and said, in a constrained, distant tone—

"I must go home now. You cannot think I mean to wrong you, it is enough that one of us should suffer."

Whatever these words meant, Rosie knew full well from the far off look that accompanied them they were not addressed to her, and only followed the speaker's motions with troubled eyes, but no effort to bring back her mind.

The children came in laughing, from the kitchen porch.

"Mammy," said little Peter, "give us another cake, we're going to have a party with the chaneys Mary Ann found."

"Kitty," cried her mother, in a suppressed whisper, "run down to the road beyond the Ridge, and tell the lady's coachman to drive up here—she's not well; be a good girl, and make haste, and you shall have two buns to play with."

Motioning the child away, who stood quite paralyzed at the changed appearance of Miss McEwing, Rosie ran into her little chamber and got a decent bonnet and shawl from the closet and came back as if on wings, lest some other fearful change should occur in her absence. In a little time Kitty returned, saying "that the man was sleeping, but she had awakened him, and he would soon be there." He appeared as she spoke winding up the road leisurely, evidently without any knowledge of why he had been sent for. Rosie glanced back at him after assuring herself that he was coming, and then ran into the room where the lady still sat, now having her head bent down between her hands and slightly swaying her body to and fro.

"Heaven direct me," cried the distracted woman, to herself, "here I am, afraid to leave the children alone, and yet I can't let her go by herself in this way."

Miss McEwing saved her further distress, by rising the instant she heard her servant's voice, and walking slowly towards the door whence the sound came. The light and warmth without seemed to clear her mind for a moment; she looked back as she crossed the porch towards the garden-gate, and said, though still in that strange chilling tone—

"I must go away. I will not trouble you further. God help us both."

The man came up and gave her his hand, as he opened the carriage-door. Rosie still fluttered irresolutely on the porch, while he closed it, and the last chance of decision was gone, for the carriage rolled swiftly down the slope.

As Rosie, who had run to the garden-gate to follow it with her eyes, returned slowly up the path, she saw a short, thick set, dark complexioned woman stand nodding and smiling in her doorway.

So strange and unaccountable had been the work of the last half hour that the poor woman's nerves, though none of the weakest, were completely shaken, so no sooner had her eyes rested on this new visitant than she gave a scream, and started back as if she had received a sudden blow.

The next instant she felt the folly of her behavior, and hurried to apologize to the still smiling stranger.

"I hope you'll excuse me, ma'am," she said, still slightly trembling; "I have been a little frightened a bit ago, and I didn't know any one was here."

"I came in by the back door," said the stranger. "I'm a neighbor, and thought maybe I might be able to do you a little service in a new place."

"You're very kind, then," returned Rosie, heartily; "a new place is always a bit lonely, and a neighbor's face can never come amiss."

So saying, she ushered the woman into the sitting-room, and tried to collect her thoughts for agreeable converse. "For never, my whole life long," she confessed to herself, "did I feel what a blessing it was to be near human cratures."

The new comer was an odd little woman, with quick eyes that darted glances everywhere, and a manner that—though it was kindly and free enough—struck Rosie strangely from an eager questioning under tone it held in everything she said, and that seemed to echo itself in the searching glance of her eyes.

"You have a nice place, and you keep it tidy," she said, sending her glances on keen errands into every corner of the room as she spoke; "do you like the place? it's lonely, and gloomy, don't you find it? and it does seem dreary at night."

"It's not very lively," assented Rosie, slowly; "but what country place is? We can't expect it—and the air is good, and the fields look green and pleasant."

"But the house," said the woman, persistantly, "you find that dull; they never could stay in it; anybody, I mean, who came here. It's being so dreary, and queer, and all that makes it bad you see."

She looked keenly at the astonished Rosie as she spoke, and every remark seemed a question waiting for an answer. Almost without her own control, she replied—

"It is as you say, lonely, and maybe a body can be frightened at shadows whin they're out ov the sound of other living cratures. But why couldn't the people stay here? tell me, woman, dear—for you make me tremble to think."

"The sights, you know," answered the other, drinking in every sign of perturbation the face of her listener expressed. "You've seen some of them, I'm sure—which was it?"

"A lady," answered Rosie, breathlessly, and without taking time to think—"a lady in white; what does it mean?" She felt irresistibly forced to say thus much, but paused here and returned the eager look of the stranger with one of fascinated interest.

The woman drew a long breath and fell to laughing, while she wiped away the drops of perspiration that somehow had gathered about her forehead with the excitement of her manner.

"Oh, it's an old story," she said, still laughing. "Nobody knows what it means; and nobody stops to ask; they go away in a hurry; and I don't wonder—for it's a miserable way to live in sight of the dead, while you're still alive yourself."

"In sight ov the dead," said Rosie, slowly, and this time her eye and her tone quieted together, and she looked at the woman without any of her past confusion.

"Oh, yes; but you know that you need not stay to be tormented—nobody does; that would be too much, you would break down under it, like the woman who was here six years ago, and nearly became crazy."

Rose opened the door that led into the hall, so that the light streaming in shot over her visitor's face and dress.

"It's very close and warm," she said, in explanation of this movement. "Don't you live close by, ma'am?" she added.

"Over in that old place near the Ridge. I keep house for an old gentleman that has poor health; and so I see little company, and I thought I'd come over and speak a word to you, as a new neighbor."

"You're very kind, ma'am," said Rosie, again, and this time she accompanied the words with a look that was as keen as the restless-eyed woman could have shot from under her own brows—while, being in the light, every line of her face stood clear in relief, and Rosie sat in shadow. "It was foolish in me to talk as I did, you see," she continued, quietly, "I said I saw a lady in white; and I don't believe I did now, for why would such a thing be going wandering about, except in a drame. I think we often mix up what we think we see, with what really is before us; and I was awake and tired after a hard day's work, and so I looked up like, and thought I could see a white figure in the window. I don't believe it now at all, for my raison stands out agin such nonsense, you see."

"No, no," cried the woman, eagerly, "it was truth, real truth, terrible truth, and that you'll find, if you set yourself against it. But," and she changed her manner from its excited energy to a persuasive undertone; "maybe you had better wait and see for yourself; it's often the case that people had rather suffer than take warning; but I took a kind of fancy to you when I saw you first, and thought you might be glad of having a friend close by."

"You've a kind heart; and ye take yer fancies sudden too—for I never saw you before, ma'am," said Rosie, in return. Her voice and manner were pleasant and cordial, but she pushed her chair still further back into the shadow, and looked still more keenly out on the figure of the strange woman.

There was a little pause, and the new comer seemed to fidget a little in the light. Presently she slid out of it, and though free from its blinding influence, shaded her face with her hand and seemed to cast about for some subject on which to extend the conversation. It was not necessary to continue the search, for Rosie, after a momentary silence, began in a frank, hearty way, that was full of confidential warmth and simplicity, to engage the interest and attention of her guest with her own story. She told it as if from the depths of her ingushing confidence, but she never mentioned anything that was not patent to every one who had ever seen the collected family.

They had come from the old country to better their fortunes—they had found it slow work without friends or money, and had been a good while about it. Voluminously and feelingly did Rosie dwell on little troubles that had never passed her lips before, and under all her flow of reminiscences, never once did she lose sight of the expression of her listener's face. It was a long tale, full of small changes, and lasted time enough to weary a casual listener. It took in Terry's character, viewed in a much tenderer light than most people would have bestowed on the subject, and ascribing to him a persevering energy and determined industry that no one but Rosie had ever been able to discover in her husband. When she paused and looked with simple artlessness to the woman for sympathy, she had never alluded to John nor Miss McEwing, except in classing the former with her five children, and mentioning the latter as a lady she worked for, but she knew as well as if the woman's hand had not partly covered her face that there was something under the interest she assumed, and that she was no common, neighborly-hearted soul, come in for a chat.

"But maybe I'm wearying you," concluded Rosie. "You see if a body once gives their mind to speaking ov themsilves they don't know where to stop, and you seemed so pleasant and friendly that I've just opened my heart to you. What 'll I call you, ma'am? are you married yourself?"

The question was so abrupt that the woman, before answering it, looked hard at her for an instant, then she said:

"No, dear woman, I'm not married, or I'd be in a home of my own, you see; but my name is Burtis—Jane Burtis."

"It's a good name," said Rosie, simply, "and I'm much beholden to you for your kindness. Would you take a cup ov tay wid me? the day's warm and I'll make no supper till the cool ov the evening, when my husband comes home."

The woman rose, she couldn't stay longer, for she had, as she had said, the care of a sick gentleman, and they all had their fancies, which must be attended to. She repeated her expressions of interest in Rosie, and tried to recall parts of her narrative that she said were so much like things she had known herself, but she came back to the strong point of her visit and whispered, "It's a bad place to stay; take my word for it, you'll know no peace in this house."

"Indeed, ma'am, I fear you're right," said Rosie, still in the same tone. "Some dreams are warnings, maybe mine was one, but I'll see you again, for I know you'll come over when ye can and give me a chat."

The woman promised very readily and crossed the porch, smiling and nodding back at her new friend with great good feeling.

Rosie saw her out of sight among the bushes, and then turned to where the children were playing party with her plate of sweet buns as staple of the entertainment. She scarcely reproved this appropriation of her dainties, for her mind was full and busy with something more important, and she went into the sitting-room in great excitement, saying to herself with many excited gestures, "It's a wonderful day, this—a wonderful day, and it's the beginning ov something I can't see through yet. But that woman knows us, and has a maning in her talk about spirits that I'll see through before I let myself be frightened into flying from a place Providence has maybe brought me to for a purpose I can't see."

CHAPTER V.

THE BANSHEE ON DUTY.

Rosie and her son John sat together late one evening in the autumn of that same year. The strange figure of the banshee had not driven them from their cottage, as Jane Burtis predicted, and with John's aid she had managed it so that the fact of its being seen at all was entirely unknown to Terry. The children now and then mentioned the pretty lady that they saw at intervals, but had never spoken to since the June day when she had made wreaths for them in the garden; but Rosie had never encouraged them to talk about her, on the contrary had tried to make them forget the whole matter by every means she could use. After that morning so full of alarm and excitement, John had found his mother a changed woman, watchful, nervous and restless in the extreme at sometimes, at others absent, thoughtful and something inclined to melancholy. She had told him of Miss McEwing's "strange turn," as she called it, but did not mention that the story of his life was under consideration when it occurred. Early in the morning she had locked up the house, and taking Kitty and Peter with her, had left them with an acquaintance while she went to the handsome mansion of Mr. McEwing to ask after the health of his sister. She was perfectly well, the servant said, and had gone out driving with her brother. Pleased, yet astonished, Rosie turned from the door, and after going for the children and returning towards the Ridge road on her way home, she saw a barouche dash by, in which sat the lady and gentleman, looking as cheerful and happy as she had ever seen them.

But it was a good while before Rosie spoke to her good friend again, and then she met her when she took Mary Ann to the German master for one of her lessons. The girl was growing so pretty and intelligent looking that she was noticeable even to strangers. Miss McEwing was walking with a gentleman who seemed to direct her attention to the girl. She looked around, and recognizing Rosie, went back and spoke to her in her own cheerful, kindly way, and commended her efforts in Mary Ann's behalf, and asked after John and the little ones, but never once mentioned her sudden illness that day at the cottage, nor had she ever come there, though often sending kindly messages and presents through the mediumship of Terry. These gifts were chiefly of a nature to embellish Mary Ann, and on entering the second quarter of her tuition the master told her mother that he had been engaged to double the lessons by a lady who said she was an old friend.

Thus the autumn found them all progressing, Terry a little more given to stay an hour or two with his two friends in an evening than his discreet wife approved of, John still studying and advancing in his employer's estimation and confidence, and the rest as well and happy as their mother could wish them.

It was getting very late, and Rosie had risen again and again and gone to the door to look long and earnestly down the road, that was faintly lighted by a late moon. Coming back from one of these inspections, she implored John to put away his books. "For you're just boring the eyes out ov yer head, and it bothers me to hear the house so deadly still."

John instantly threw down the volume he was poring over and turned a bright, handsome face, with the kindest of smiles on its every feature, towards his mother.

"If you would only leave father to me and go to bed yourself it would be the right thing, mother," he said. "Of all the working, striving mothers that ever lived, mine is the most so; she gives herself no rest or pleasure, making rest and pleasure for every one else."

Rosie laid her work down on the table; it was a little jacket for Peter, and her eyes were so weary that she scarcely saw where she was setting the stitches.

"I'm worried about your father, dear," she said, "and what keeps him is more than I know. Not that there's any harm in a man staying out when he chooses," she added hastily, "but I wish he was here now."

"Oh, mother," cried John, suddenly coming back from the door where he had gone to look out without any particular object in view except gratifying his mother's anxiety, "I forgot to tell you, but do you know I saw the old man of the Ridge today? It was the first time in all my comings and goings, and I was so startled that I behaved like a fool."

"What did you do, John?" asked Rosie smiling. "What was there about the poor old body to frighten you or any one else—that woman, Jane Burtis, says he's not over right in his mind, and I'm sure ov it from the way he has ov dodging your eye if you look at him."

"I don't know what made me do it," confessed John, "but I was thinking to myself, and so didn't know till I came close up with him, then he turned and faced me, and something about him—I can't tell you what—made me cry out and start back as if I had seen a ghost."

Rosie grasped his arm and uttered a sound of terror as he spoke; he looked at her in surprise, and then towards the door where her eyes were fixed in wide dismay. He had left it partly closed behind him, now it stood open wide, and the strange girl that had been like a phantom to them all, fluttered on the threshold, beckoning them silently to follow her out into the dark night.

The young man shook with fear when he recognized the original of his mother's apparition, but Rosie controlled herself, and spoke, though in a strangely faint and wavering tone.

"What is it?" said she, "what do you want us to do?"

But with another motion of entreaty the figure sped away without waiting or uttering a sound.

The two looked at each other, and the warm color came slowly back into the face of John as he breathed hard in the effort to recover himself.

"What is it?" he repeated; "is it a living creature?"

"I'll go after it," said Rosie decidedly and in great excitement. "I've had my own thoughts from first to last, and if this is what I take it for, it's my duty to go, but stay you here, John, I'm afraid ov nothing whin the Lord's above me."

The boy's answer was to spring before his mother, and catching down his father's thorn stick dash out into the night. He ran through the darkness for a little while, but when he reached the corner of the garden palings the faint light grew clearer to his accustomed eyes, and he thought he saw a flutter in the bushes down by the hollow that lay between him and the Ridge.

Then he saw his mother was at his side, and calling to her to stay back, he ran down that way, stumbling over little stones that were familiar in the daylight, but that seemed like giants in the dark, till he reached the underwood, and struggling through it at a wrong place, found himself in the hollow where the little creek ran that was dry in this autumn weather. Here it was darker than above, for the shadow of the poplars stretched athwart the path, and in his first step forwards he struck against something without seeing it. It was a body—he felt that at the first touch, and stooping had raised the head with a bewildered knowledge that was like a dream, of being somewhere and doing something unusual, when his mother's voice cried out in a low, fearful depth of grief and passion, "God in His mercy receive his soul, and in love and pity look down on us. Your father's dead, John."

CHAPTER VI.

ROSIE A WIDOW.

"Terence O'Connell of county Tyrone, Ireland, came to his death on the night of the 16th of October by a fall on the rocky bed of a dry creek, in the neighborhood of Ridge road, whilst in a state of partial intoxication. The blow was received on the back of the skull, and though still breathing when discovered by his family, he never spoke or gave signs of consciousness till he expired."

This was the ending of poor Terry's story as told by a daily paper. His poor wife never saw it, and would have strongly repudiated its suspicion of his sobriety if she had. For Rosie, as she had been a faithful wife, was a deeply sorrowing widow, and if her husband had been the proudest noble in the land he could not have been more bitterly lamented. There was an undertone to her grief that no one but her son understood, and even to him she had only mentioned it in a frightened whisper.

"To think ov that white crayture giving us the warning," she said; "we haven't seen the end ov that yet."

Mr. McEwing, like the gentleman poor Terry had always held him to be, came out himself and took upon him the defraying of all expense attending the funeral, and his sister sent the poor widow a full suit of weeds in the same generous spirit; but Miss Sarah never came out to the cottage beyond the Ridge, that seemed to be a closed path to her for ever more. The children to whom their mother, in all essential respects, had stood in the light of both parents, scarcely missed their father after the first natural ebullition of fear and distress at his sudden death had subsided, and John quietly, but decidedly took upon himself the cares and responsibility of head of the house—working in every way to spare his mother pain and lighten her trouble. He knew well enough that Terry's wages had done little for the establishment, and consequently though he was sad and grieved at his loss, he had no fears for the future without him. When everything was over, and the place settled down into solemn quiet with that dreamy tincture of a loss to make it bitter, he went back to his employment, full of zeal and purpose, with a sense of much depending on him for his brother's and sister's future that made him doubly alert and anxious to do his duty. As he went homeward one day in these early times of the new position, he met Miss McEwing's carriage standing as if waiting, at a corner he always passed.

"John O'Connell," she cried softly from the window, "come here, I want to speak to you."

John instantly presented himself, and bowed low, for next to his mother of all living women he respected and admired Miss McEwing.

"I want to talk to you awhile. To-morrow's Saturday, always a half-holiday with you, is it not? Well, bring your mother and come and see me. I shall be at home after two."

She nodded and smiled at him and drove away, and he went home full of the idea, and determined to discuss it with Rosie in all its bearings.

He found Jane Burtis sitting on the door porch, whilst his mother, sewing in hand, inhospitably but apparently unconsciously, closed the entrance with her own figure. This woman was not exactly a frequent visitor at the cottage, but they saw her very often, and against her John had conceived a most deep-rooted dislike. He never talked earnestly with his mother without first going to the window and looking up and down the garden, he had so often discovered her on such occasions going crouching low along the ground under pretence of following little chickens that had escaped from her, or looking for plantain for her bird, or what not. She was always lurking, he thought, and yet seeing his mother pursue a certain policy towards her, he had never more than mentioned her name in comment.

"And here comes Mr. John," said Jane, rising as if to follow them into the house. "He looks pale and worried, and maybe don't feel well. I don't wonder, it's very cold to be out here in the wind—these are pleasant days, but they're wintry ones too."

Rosie moved to let her son pass, but resumed her place and her sewing again—and Jane seeing that she meant to stay, took up the conversation John's appearance had seemed to interrupt.

"Yes, you've had trouble, ma'am, but you know I told you you would, how could it be otherwise; you would stay, and them that stands up against fate must expect a fall sometime."

Rosie shook her head and sighed as if not comprehending the drift of the woman's words.

"The Lord's will be done," she murmured; "there's something else beside this little world, woman dear, and them that's as old as you and me must look forward to it, and try to live up to our duty, laving the rest to Him."

The woman didn't relish such philosophy much, as was apparent from the way she shuffled about during the speech, but by-and-by she began again.

"It would be a dreadful thing if anything happened to John, he's a comfort you couldn't well spare."

A quick contraction showed itself about Rosie's mouth; she smoothed it out and answered mildly, "What would happen to him, dear boy?"

"But maybe he would be passed over; there's Tim and Peter, you know, and the ill luck of the place always follow the males first." Jane Burtis seemed lost in thought after saying thus much, and went slowly away down the path, shaking her head and murmuring softly to herself, "It's a pity, it's a great pity, poor soul."

Rosie remained at her post, sewing calmly and placidly, till her strange neighbor turned the gable of the house and was out of sight; then she ran in quickly and found John assisting Tim to lift out the table, which Mary Ann was preparing to lay for supper.

"What do you think Miss McEwing means

to say to us, mother?" said John, when she appeared. "She met me to-day and said we must both come in and speak to her on Saturday, that's to-morrow, you know."

"I'm glad to hear it," answered his mother; "it's a blessing to talk to a friend after a body's been daling with enemies."

John glanced at the busy children, whose attention was fully wrapt in their own affairs, and then drawing nearer to his mother, whispered,

"What can that woman mean by watching and scheming about such a commonplace set as we are? Do you understand her, mother? or is it only a demented sort of way she has?"

Rosie was not perfectly frank in her answer. "Understand her?" she echoed. "Can any one pretend to follow the queer ways ov the like ov her? But I wonder what Miss Sarah will say to us? And I'm glad, John dear, that Mary Ann improves as she does, for I'm afraid Miss Sarah don't think it too wise in me to push her forrad at the music."

The children having by this time succeeded in spreading the table, Rosie gave them her aid in producing the tea and its accompaniments; and after seeing them all served, sat idly sipping at her tea and eating nothing. No one remarked her want of appetite, for since her husband's sudden death she seldom made more than a pretence of taking a meal, and to-day she seemed unusually thoughtful and absent. Little Peter and Kitty held an under-tone controversy about jackstones meanwhile, and their voices growing louder, Mary Ann interposed to settle them. "Oh, mother, do please stop Kitty," she said, "she is taking little Peter's pretty little stones."

"They're not his," cried Kitty, firmly; "they are mine, the white-haired lady gave them to me before we went after the nuts."

John looked up astonished.

"What lady do you mean, Kitty?" he asked. "What is the child saying, mother?"

But Kitty proceeded to explain.

"Mother called her a white-haired lady, and we don't know her name; she comes sometimes in the evening and sometimes in the morning, but she don't stay long now. She picked these stones for me, she did so, and little Peter took them away and said they were his."

Leaving his mother to settle the dispute, John rose and found his books and arranged and laid out his evening work on a little table peculiarly his own. The next day's expedition would make his mother have a good deal to do that night, so impressing Mary Ann into clearing away the table, Rosie made short work of sending the rest to bed, while she ironed and mended the wardrobe of the music master's children to have it ready for the morning.

At last every thing was in tidy order, and Mary Ann saying that she was too weary to study her lesson, as she had gone nutting all the afternoon in the sharp, clear wind, gaped awhile and then crept off to bed.

There was only a stitch or two to set, so Rosie drew her chair near John's light and threaded her needle. Evidently he had been waiting for her to do so, since he instantly laid down his pencil and book and turned his handsome, thoughtful face towards her.

"Did you notice what Kitty said about that figure? What is it, mother? How can you be so calm? I am wretched till I understand it all, and know why and how we are so visited."

"It's but little to think about, dear," said Rosie, reluctantly. "What need is there ov you bothering your head about it?"

"Why, mother," said John, impatiently, "the wonder is that you can be so calm. Whatever it is, we should know why it comes fluttering about us. Of course I don't believe it to be a spirit, but it's a ghostly sort of reality, and I want to understand it."

"When you do, I'll be glad to have you explain it to me," said Rosie, quietly, and that was all she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHO LOVED HER BEST?

Quiet and pale, and sweet and fair,
They shrouded her for her rest,
Wreathing the lilies around her hair,
And the violets over her breast.

Pure as the leaves of the milkwhite flower
Was the heart of the maiden dead;
Peaceful and calm as the funeral hour
Was the soul that afar had fled.

Into the room where the maiden lay
Three men drew softly near,
Three men who had loved her, ah, well-a-day,
For many and many a year.

And one whose eyes were black as night
Made wildly a desolate moan:
"Never to me shall the skies be bright,
Or peace to my soul be known!"

And one whose eyes were bright and blue
As the clouds in the springtide air,
Stooped lowly the pale still lips unto,
And lovingly kissed them there.

And one whose forehead was white and wan,
Whose eyes were stern and gray,
Gazed long and sadly her face upon,
Then silently turned away.

They buried her deep where the grass grows green,
And the birds sing a blithesome song,
Where over the headstone bright blossoms are seen
Nodding the whole day long.

Nodding, still nodding when comes the sun
In the summer with shimmering glow;
For the maiden died and the wail was done
Many long years ago.

The days were dimmed of the dark-eyed man,
In a tempest of passionate strife,
And wild with sin were the years that ran
The course of his stormy life.

And the blue-eyed one, his pulses beat
Quick when he heard her name,
Until to his heart with rapture sweet
A new love softly came.

But the wan browed man went forth that day
With a new-born light in his soul,
To guide his footsteps till over his way
The shadows of death should roll.

Ne'er to his lips came a smile again,
Nor yet to his eyes a tear;
But never thereafter or guile or stain
To the sad strong heart came near.

THE PERILOUS INTERVIEW.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXI.

LEONA VICARIO.

El Saltillo, also called Leona Vicario, is situated about 600 miles to the north of Mexico, in a fine and well cultivated plain. This town which is now rich, and has a population of about 20,000, was considerable at the period of the Spanish authority, and enjoyed some reputation through the salubrity of its climate. But we will say nothing about the Saltillo of to-day, which does not concern us; we will merely try to give a sketch of the town at the time when our story took place.

Like all the towns founded by the Spaniards, it is crammed with churches, several of which are very handsome and rich. The streets are wide, clean, and bordered by houses built of stone, a very rare thing in Mexico, where a continued apprehension of earthquakes is felt. Owing to the numerous springs that burst out of the ground in most of the streets, the ground, which without that would be dry and sterile, enjoys a certain reputation for fertility. Saltillo was at that period the general *entrepot* of the Spanish trade with the Red Skins, who went there to make exchanges, and supply themselves with the various articles they needed. The population was divided into two classes: the Spaniards, or persons who called themselves such, though the majority of them had not probably one-eighth of European blood in their veins; and the Tzascaltec Indians, the sole really intelligent and industrious inhabitants of the town.

On the day when accident led the adventurer to Saltillo, the town festival was being celebrated. In the morning after mass the clergy had fetched with great pomp the image of the Virgin from the cathedral, carried it through all the streets with hymns and music, and then put it to rest in a theatre built by the side of the *acho*, or circus in which the bull-fights are held. After the siesta, several bull-fights came off to the sound of bands stationed on either side the statue of the Virgin, then the procession continued its promenade, and finally restored the statue to the cathedral. Immediately afterwards, an open fair for the sale of cakes, sugar-plums, and for gambling began, which was to last a week. The governor, who generally resided at Cohahuila, the capital of the Intendancy, had come to Saltillo expressly to witness this festival, whose reputation was great throughout the land, and which attracted a crowd of strangers.

Our travellers entered the town about two hours after the fair had been opened, and suddenly found themselves in a crowd of promenaders and idlers who encumbered the streets and at some points impeded the circulation. The little party only advanced with great difficulty through the mob, which pressed round them on all sides, laughing, shouting, letting off fireworks, and throwing squibs in every direction. Naturally the further the travellers got into the heart of the city, the greater the difficulties became, and the less easy was it for them to advance; at last the crowd grew so compact around the travellers, that they found it utterly impossible to advance another step.

"The deuce take the asses with their festival," the Canadian muttered, as he looked angrily at the living wall that stood before him, "we cannot remain here, though, till nightfall."

"There is a way of arriving at the governor's house, if you like."

"What is it?" the other asked.

"It is to turn back, take a side street, leave our horses at a *meson*, and then return on foot to mingle with the crowd. What is impossible for a horseman in such a throng is not so to a pedestrian, who, if he is strong, can force a passage with his elbows and shoulders. It is true that we shall run the risk of a knife-thrust; but omelettes cannot be made without breaking the eggs, and if you really wish to arrive, I fancy you have no other method to employ."

"Viva Dios! you are right this time, gossip, even if you were the greatest liar in the whole of New Spain," the Canadian exclaimed, joyously, "and I will immediately follow your advice."

But this was not so easy to perform as the adventurer imagined. The forced stoppage they had been constrained to make had rendered the crowd thicker around them, so that they were literally held in a vice by the pedestrians. Still they must deliver themselves at all risks from this pressure, which was momentarily becoming more tremendous. At an order from Diego Lopez, the two peons in the rear began gently backing their horses—for it was impossible to turn them—a movement immediately imitated by the Canadian and his comrade, whose steeds wheeled to the right and left with an almost imperceptible movement, which, however, gradually enlarged the circle round them. But then, a frightful concert of yells, oaths, and threats, began around the hapless travellers, who in vain apologized to the people whom they struck or crushed against the walls.

The tumult gradually attained tremendous proportions. Already could be seen flashing in the sun the bluish blades of the long knives which Mexicans always carry in the right boot. As Diego Lopez predicted, knife thrusts would soon be liberally dispensed. The position of the travellers was becoming difficult, when suddenly a lepero, one of those scamps such as are always to be found in a crowd, for whom an accident of any nature is a rejoicing, unsuspectingly and probably involuntarily freed them from their dilemma. This worthy youth had about him a stock of squibs and crackers, which he took a delight in letting off between the feet of women, or in the pockets of men, whom their evil star brought within his reach. At the moment when the popular fury attained its paroxysm, the lepero thought it a famous joke to light a squib, and let it phizz under the nostrils of the Canadian's horse.

The animal, already terrified by the shouts which deafened it, and the blows craftily dealt it, and now rendered mad by the fire that burned its nostrils, reared with a snort of pain, laid back its ears, and, in spite of the desperate efforts its rider made to hold it in, dashed into the very thickest of the crowd, throwing down everything in its path, and opening with its chest a wide gap, through which the other horsemen, who were not at all desirous of being made responsible for broken heads, and women and children injured, galloped at their hardest.

There was for a moment a fearful medley. We must do the lepero the justice to say that the effort surpassed his expectations, and that he literally writhed with laughter, so delighted was he with the success of his invention. He would probably have laughed much longer, had not the horse of one of the peons, in the midst of his delight, given him a kick, which hurled him to the ground, with cloven skull and chest trampled in.

Still, Clary was too thorough a horseman to feel afraid of being thrown; unable to master his horse entirely, and wishing to cause the least possible misfortune, he contented himself with turning it down a side street, the entrance to which was about a pistol shot off. He was lucky enough to succeed, and soon, thanks to the headlong speed of their horses, the four riders, after whom the mob had begun to run with yells of fury, found themselves safe from pursuit in a completely deserted street. So soon as the horses were no longer excited, they checked their speed, and soon fell into a moderate pace.

"Sangre de Cristo!" the adventurer exclaimed, so soon as he found time to breathe, "that was sharp work; I fancied we should not get out of it."

"Well!" said Diego Lopez, "your body and mine were within an ace of becoming knife-sheaths. Oh!" he added, with a shudder of retrospective terror, "I can still feel the goose flesh."

"In truth, our position was for a moment extremely critical. Confound the incarnate demon who dared to burn my horse's nostrils. I only hope we have not smashed twenty of those wretches; I shall never forgive myself if we have."

"No," the peon answered, "thank heaven, they are more frightened than hurt. Luckily the house doors were open, and they were able to find shelter in them; two or three at the most were injured."

"Heaven grant that the mischief is no greater; but what are we to do now?"

"Proceed to the nearest meson to get rid of our horses."

"I ask for nothing better; lead me there directly."

"Where are we, in the first place?" the peon said, as he looked round to discover his whereabouts. "Viva Dios!" he continued at the expiration of a moment, "we are in luck; there is a meson a few yards from here; come on."

They started again, and soon reached the meson Diego Lopez had spoken of. Mexican hostelries are all alike, and when you know one, you know a thousand. Travellers who bring with them their beds, provisions, and forage for their horses are alone certain of being well served, and wanting for nothing; those who neglect these essential precautions run a great risk of lying on the bare ground and dying of hunger. The landlords only supply water and a roof, and it is useless to ask them for anything beyond that: not even a cigarette could be obtained for any money. It is true that Mexican landlords possess one precious quality, or, to speak more logically, four. They are thievish, insolent, obstinate as mules, and only lodge travellers who have the good luck to please them.

Fortunate it was that Diego Lopez had long been acquainted with the landlord to whose house he led his comrades. Had it not been so, they would have run a great risk of not finding a shelter for the night. But, thanks to the peon's omnipotent intervention, the landlord consented to receive the travellers, and allowed them to lead their horses to the *corral*. When the horses had been unsaddled, and a good stock of alfalfa and maize had been laid before them, the Canadian wrapped himself up in his zarape, and prepared to go out.

"Where are you going?" Diego asked him.

"You know very well," he answered; "I am going to the palace."

"You are quite determined, in spite of what I said to you?"

"More than ever."

"In that case wait for me."

"What to do?"

"Caral! to accompany you. How do you expect to find your way through a town you have entered to-day for the first time in your life?"

"That is true, and thank you."

The peon, after giving his companions orders to await his return, and bowing courteously to the landlord, who deigned to return his salute with a protecting air, left the meson, accompanied by the Canadian. To do full justice to Oliver Clary, we will allow that he was anything but re-assured as to the probable results of the step he was about to take, and the words of the peon buzzed in his ears. He did not make the slightest mistake as to his position, and in spite of the assurances the count had given him, he was perfectly well aware that he ran a risk of being hung, if the man before whom he was about to appear were such as he had been represented.

But the adventurer was one of those men who never play fast and loose with what they consider a duty, and who, once they have formed a resolution, push on to the end, careless of what the consequences may be. Hence, when Diego Lopez, who, since he had learned that his companion was a Catholic, felt sincerely attached to him, tried to return to what he had told him, and counsel himself once again to defer his visit until his master's arrival, the hunter immediately bade him be silent, while perfectly understanding the correctness of his reasoning, and obliged him to talk about indifferent matters.

In spite of the ever-increasing crowd in the street, the two men had no serious difficulty in making their way. It is true that they were men who created a certain amount of respect by their muscular appearance. Although they were obliged to advance very slowly, still in a comparatively short period they reached the Plaza Mayor, where, owing to its vast dimensions, they were enabled to walk more freely.

We have said that Leona Vicario was a large town, that its squares were spacious and its streets wide. The Plaza Mayor, the largest of all, had really a grand aspect. Two sides were lined with portales in the shape of cloisters, lined with shops where goods of every description were sold; of the two other sides, one was occupied by the cathedral, the other by the *Cabildo*, or Town Hall. In the centre of the square rose a monumental fountain, from which burst a clear and limpid stream of water. This fountain was surrounded by posts, fastened together by bronze chains of rather curious workmanship. Attracted by the fair, a multitude of peddlers had installed themselves in the square, vending all sorts of rubbish to the mob which pressed around them.

The two men who entered the square by the Calle de la Merced, were obliged to go to the further extremity in order to reach the cabildo, which was the temporary residence of the governor-general of the intendancy. The cabildo was at this period (I do not know if it be still in existence) a building in a heavy and paltry style, built of stone, and having tall, straight, narrow windows, defended by heavy iron bars. Two lancers were walking with a most weary air in front of the principal gate, which was thrown wide open, and gave access to the interior by a flight of five steps.

"We have arrived," said Diego Lopez, as he stopped in front of the ugly building we have just described.

"At last!" the adventurer answered, as he looked curiously about him. "Caral I was beginning to fancy that we should never reach our journey's end."

"Here we are; as you insisted on my leading you hither, I have done so."

"And I thank you for doing it, gossip; now that you have honorably performed the far from agreeable task entrusted to you, leave me to my own business, and go and amuse yourself at the fair."

"Hang me if I do anything of the sort," the peon answered; "I am too sorrowful."

"Nonsense! why bother yourself so? All will finish, I feel convinced, much better than you have supposed."

"That is possible, and I wish it may be so, but I confess that I do not expect it; I will not attempt to dissuade you any more; a fool cannot be prevented from committing folly."

"Thank you," the adventurer said with a laugh.

The other shook his head mournfully.

"I am going to watch for my master," he continued; "he has great influence over the governor, and, if you are not hanged, I hope he will save you."

"I hope, too, that I shall not be hanged."

"*Quien sabe?*" the peon muttered.

The Canadian, who was not particularly pleased by these ill-omened prognostics, hastened to take leave of his croaking companion. The latter looked after him until he disappeared in the cabildo, after exchanging a few words with the sentry; then he returned very thoughtfully to the meson, muttering—

"I don't care; I will not start till I know whether he is hung; it is surely the least I can do for a good Catholic like him."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE INTERVIEW.

Oliver Clary had entered the cabildo. From this moment he could not recoil, but must push on. The brave and careless Canadian took a last and sorrowful glance at the square in which a merry crowd, whose cries reached his ears, was assembled; he gave a sigh of regret, and hung his head on his chest for a moment; but almost immediately subduing this sadness, which was unworthy of him, he effaced every trace of emotion from his face, drew himself up proudly, and with a calm step entered a hall in which were standing ushers, easily to be recognized by the silver chain round their neck. So soon as he appeared, one of these ushers left the group, and walked up to him with a slow and solemn step.

"Who are you? what do you want?" he asked, impudently.

"Who I am?" he answered drily, "that does not concern you, my master. What I want? to speak to His Excellency Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas, General commanding the Intendancy."

"Oh, oh!" the usher said, as he looked impudently at the adventurer's modest and more than careless dress; "you come like that, without the slightest ceremony, to demand an audience of his excellency! Come, my good fellow, follow good advice and begone; the mescal is disturbing your head; go to sleep, keep your feet warm, and do not trouble yourself any further with such nonsense."

Not letting himself be disconcerted the least in the world by this tolerably coarse apostrophe, the adventurer looked for an instant at the speaker with such an expression that the latter turned his head away in embarrassment; then he seized him by a button of his coat.

"Listen to me, Senor Scamp," he said, in a low and menacing voice; "in any other place but the one where we now are, the words you have just uttered would cost you dearly; but I despise you too much to be insulted by them. I pardon you, but only on one condition—that you will immediately announce to his excellency, Senor Don Olivero Clary, and hand him at the same time this letter from his seigneury, the Count de Melgosa. Begone!"

He let go the usher's button, and the latter, quite abashed, turned round two or three times, and, without saying a word, quitted the hall. The Canadian folded his arms on his chest, and waited for his return, while looking disdainfully at the other servants, who bent on him curious and almost startled glances. The usher's absence was short. He appeared almost immediately, and throwing both doors wide open, he said, as he bowed ironically to the Canadian—

"His Excellency General Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas requests Senor Don Olivero Clary to have the condescension to enter."

The adventurer understood that the critical moment had arrived. Without displaying the slightest hesitation he entered the room, the doors of which had so suddenly been opened to him. But, when he had crossed the threshold, he felt that species of confusion and timidity which attacks the bravest men when they are violently thrown out of the medium in which they are accustomed to live. It is plain that the adventurer would have preferred finding himself face to face with a whole tribe of ferocious red skins, instead of entering this brilliantly-gilded room, and a crowd of smart officers, whose eyes he felt, instinctively, were fixed upon him. A feverish flush covered his face, a cold perspiration beaded on his temples, and his heart beat as if it would burst from his chest. It was not fear he felt, it was not shame he experienced, nor was it weakness; but it was a mixture of all those feelings which filled his bosom, and made his temples beat.

Still, through a prodigious effort of his will, he succeeded not only in almost entirely concealing this strange emotion, but also so completely surmounted it that he was able to walk with a firm step towards the general, whom he saw standing at the other end of the saloon, in the midst of a group of field-officers; and who, with his hand on his sword-belt, bent on him a glance such as rattlesnakes are said to employ in fascinating their victims.

General de Cardenas was a man not more than forty years of age, of tall and imposing stature; his face was harsh, dark, and cruel; he had a mocking lip and cynical glance; his low forehead, his eyes close to his long-hooked nose, and his prominent cheek bones, veined with violet lines, gave him a certain resemblance to the feline race. He was dressed in the splendid uniform of a general, glistening with gold lace. At this moment he was biting his greyish moustache, and clanking the wheels of his spurs on the ground, a sign by which his intimate friends knew that he was suffering from intense passion.

Don Lopez de Cardenas belonged to the highest Spanish nobility, and was a caballero *cubierto;* he had gone through, with some distinction, the woole of the Peninsular war; but, in spite of his thorough bravery, and his undeniable talent, he had let himself be led away by his evil nature to behave so ferociously to the enemy during the retreat of the French, that the King of Spain, who did not feel at all secure on a throne which he owed rather to chance than his personal ability, was constrained to dismiss him, as he did not dare to brave the public protest against favors he might have granted such a person. Mexico, which was then in full revolt, seemed to the king the only place to which he could send General de Cardenas, without appearing to exile him.

The general, aware of the hatred with which he was regarded, was not sorry, temporarily, to quit the scene of his dark deeds. Another reason made him accept, almost joyfully, the post confided to him: his fortune, compromised during the long Peninsular war, was no longer adapted to the demands of his pride and the position to which his birth gave him the right of aspiring. He thought that it would be easy for him, in a country distracted by revolutions, to fish in troubled waters, and get together in a few years a fortune larger than the one he had lost. His beginning in New Mexico did not

contradict his past; it was such as might be expected from a man like him, and gave the Mexicans, whom, for their misfortune, he was chosen to govern, an exact measure of the justice they had to expect from him. Hence, he had resided scarce a year in Mexico ere the people, who are rarely mistaken in their appreciation, branded him with the name of the Shark—a characteristic name, were there ever one; for, like the shark, he was rapacious and cruel. Only one person had a precarious and often contested influence over this man: it was Count de Melgosa, to whom he was attached by family ties.

It was face to face with this human-faced tiger that chance placed the adventurer. The situation was not at all pleasant; still he did not let himself be disconcerted. On coming within a few paces of the general he stopped, bowed respectfully, and waited till the other should address him, in a posture which, without evidencing the slightest arrogance, showed that he was not the man to let himself be domineered over, and that he would bravely enter on the coming struggle. The general looked at him fixedly for a few moments, and then said, in a hoarse and menacing voice—

"Who are you, in the fiend's name?" he asked.

"The letter I had the honor of delivering to your excellency must have already informed you," the Canadian answered.

"Do you fancy, scoundrel," the general continued furiously, "that I have nothing better to do than read the absurd letters sent me from all sides?"

These few words, exchanged with the terrible officer, had given the adventurer time to resume all his calm and reckless bravery. He advanced a step, bowed profoundly, and said briefly, although his accent was respectful—

"I have the honor of drawing your excellency's attention to the fact that I am no scoundrel, but a man of honor; that I have come here, entrusted with an important mission; and that Count de Melgosa, whose reputation for loyalty cannot be doubted, of his own accord became my guarantee to your excellency. These are two reasons why I have a right to be treated with due consideration."

"You crow very loudly for a young cock; take care lest I should have a fancy to cut that comb which you raise so daringly," the general answered with a mocking smile.

"I do not know what your excellency means. If you do not think proper to hear what I have to say, I venture to hope that you will allow me to retire."

After uttering these words in the same firm tone he had maintained since the beginning of this singular interview, the adventurer made a move to leave the hall.

"Stop, I order you," the general said suddenly; "you please me—so speak without fear. Who are you? Now don't tell any lies, for, perhaps, I know more about you than you suppose."

"I care very little what your excellency may have learnt about me. I am an honest woodranger—a Canadian by birth, and at the present moment colonel in the service of the Mexican patriots, commanded by Father Don Pelagio Sandoval."

"Ah, ah," the general muttered in the same mocking way; "go on, my lad, you have forgotten to tell me your name."

"I have several; my real one is Oliver Clary; the Red Skins have christened me the Sumach, and the white men of the prairie generally call me 'Death in the face.'".

"Death in the face?" the general repeated with a grin, "perhaps we shall soon see whether you really deserve that name."

"No man should praise himself; still, I believe that there are few dangers I am not capable of confronting," he answered resolutely.

"We shall see, we shall see, gossip. Now give me a report of the mission with which you have been entrusted by the honorable scoundrels of whom you have so foolishly made yourself the scapegoat."

The Canadian shrugged his shoulders.

"It is easy to threaten a defenceless man," he muttered in a voice loud enough to be heard by the general.

"Make haste," the latter continued.

Clary, without any hurry, felt in a pocket of the coat he wore under the zarape, took out the despatches Father Sandoval had entrusted to him, and presented them to the general with a bow.

"The Mexican patriots," he said, "hope that your excellency will deign to lay before the governor this humble petition, which contains the enunciation of their grievances, and the concessions they wish to obtain from his justice."

The general took the letter, crumpled it in his hand, and threw it on a table, without reading. There was a moment of mournful silence; the officers, who knew the general's violent and implacable character, awaited a tragical finale, and were especially alarmed by the unusual patience which their chief had displayed. The latter did not leave them long in doubt.

"Now, scoundrel," he continued in a rough voice, "you have said all, I think?"

"Yes, all, excellency."

"And I have listened to the end without interruption?"

"Yes, excellency."

"I am accustomed," he continued, "to be patient with people who are about to die."

"What!" the Canadian exclaimed, as he hurriedly fell back a pace.

"Did you suppose that, had it been otherwise, I should so long have listened to your impudent chatter; let him be strung up."

"Take care what you are going to do," the adventurer shouted, seizing the brace of pistols hidden beneath his zarape, "I will defend my life to the last breath."

"It is your right," the general said, with a laugh.

"I will make use of it, be assured. To-morrow you will have to account for my death to Count de Melgosa, whom you will have dishonored by despising his safe conduct."

These words, uttered somewhat haphazard by the Canadian, and rather in the hope of gaining time than for any other reason, produced greater effect than he had expected on his hearers. The latter, who, up to this moment, had seemed to take very slight interest in the scene, and had gone on talking together in a low voice, suddenly broke off; several of them walked up to the general, to whom they appeared to make representations, which he listened to with a haughty smile.

"I will remark to your excellency," said an old gray-bearded officer, "that Count de Melgosa is alcade mayor of the town, that his honor is dear to us all, and that it will, perhaps, be as well to await his arrival before hanging this poor man."

"Nonsense, caballero," the general answered, ironically, "do you really believe in this safe-conduct? Do you suppose that if the count really took an interest in this scoundrel he would not have accompanied him?"

"Your excellency is doubtless in the right, but it is not long till to-morrow, and, perhaps, it will be as well to wait till then."

"The more so," another added, "because the count will, in all probability, arrive at an early hour."

"Well, as you insist," the general said, with visible repugnance, "be it as you wish. Throw down your pistols, villain," he added, addressing the adventurer, who still stood on the defensive, "no hurt will be done you."

"That is possible," the latter said, shaking his head doubtfully; "but what has happened up to the present gives me no security for the future, and simple though I am, I am not quite so simple as to give up my weapons before I am certain that no trap is being laid for me."

"You will remain in prison till the count's arrival. If you have lied you will be hung; if not, you can go to the deuce. Are you satisfied?"

"Not excessively so. Still, I desire to prove to you of what an honest man is capable. I do not value life, and care precious little about supporting a good cause. There are my weapons," he added throwing them on the floor, "do what you please with me; I am now defenceless, and I leave the shame of my death to you."

The general himself seemed touched by this proof of confidence.

"Viva Dios!" he exclaimed, "you are really a brave fellow. We will try and save you from the gallows, if it be possible. Lead him away—but do him no harm."

Several officers, who probably would not have ventured to approach the athletic Canadian while he still held his pistols, now stepped forward to seize him.

"No one must lay hands on me," he said, "I have surrendered, and do not intend to resist; go on, I will follow."

"He is right," the general said, with a laugh; "do not collar him, but leave him the use of his limbs. He is a thorough fighting cock; he has pledged his word and will keep it."

"Thanks for that remark, excellency," the adventurer said; "I see that you are a connoisseur in the matter of men; go on, senores, I am ready to follow you."

A party of officers at once surrounded him, and he quitted the room. At the door he perceived the usher, who looked at him impertinently, but he merely shrugged his shoulders in contempt. His escort, without leaving the cabildo, led him through a labyrinth of passages, which would have been puzzling to any one unacquainted with the gloomy building.

"Where the deuce are you leading me, my masters?" the prisoner asked; "does this palace also contain cells?"

"Cells and dungeons," one of the officers replied; "it communicates with the Tribunal of the Holy Inquisition."

"Come," the Canadian said, with a laugh, "that is very convenient; in that way his excellency the general can lay hands on his prisoners whenever he thinks proper."

This sally made the officers laugh. A moment after they informed the prisoner that they had arrived. They halted, and one of them, who bore a large bunch of keys, selected one, and opened a low and apparently very substantial door; a puff of hot fœtid air at once issued from the opening. The Canadian gave an involuntary shudder, but his guardians allowed him no time for reflection; they thrust him unceremoniously into the dungeon, bolted the door upon him, and the prisoner suddenly found himself in complete darkness.

"Well," he muttered, so soon as he was alone, "I believe that Diego Lopez was right, and that I acted like an ass in not following his advice."

Unfortunately for him, this sensible reflection came too late.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DUNGEON.

However brave a man may be, it is not without a feeling of instinctive terror that he finds himself suddenly cut off from society and shut up far from the company of other men, deprived of light and almost of the vital air necessary for the due play of the lungs. Darkness brings with it sad and despairing thoughts; and however powerfully a man's character may be tempered the first moments he passes in a dungeon, whatever may be the cause that has led him there, are crushing; but fortunately, hope is the last feeling that breaks down in a man's heart. His thoughts, constantly directed to the future, promptly recall to his heart the courage which had deserted it, and in a few hours, growing accustomed to his dungeon, he shakes off the prostration which had seized upon him, regards the position calmly, and only dreams of the means by which to regain the liberty he has lost, for that is the sole object of his thoughts, desires, and efforts.

The adventurer experienced all the feelings we have attempted to describe; but as he was an energetic man, accustomed for many years to a life of struggle, mixed up with strange episodes, he did not allow himself to be overcome by the horror of his situation, but, on the contrary, regarded it with considerable calmness and philosophy. When he had succeeded in restoring some order in his ideas, which had been upset by such rapidly succeeding events, he prepared to inspect his dungeon, which did not appear so dark as when he entered. In fact, on leaving the daylight his eyes had been at first blinded by the darkness, but they gradually grew accustomed to the obscurity, and now, though he could not see clearly, he was able to distinguish objects sufficiently to walk about without groping his way.

"Well," he said, talking to himself, after the fashion of men accustomed to live alone, "thanks to my good idea of not letting myself be touched, I have not been stripped of anything I possessed, and, spite of throwing the pistols on the ground, I could in case of need defend myself bravely with the weapons which I still possess. Let me reflect a little on what I had better do; and in the first place, according to the Indian fashion, I will smoke a pipe, for there is nothing like tobacco to clear the brain."

The Canadian's position was far from being desperate, and he saw this now that he was cool. In the matter of arms he still possessed a brace of pistols, and a knife with a long, sharp, blade, a powder flask, a bullet bag, tobacco, and everything requisite for striking a light, if he wanted it. These different articles, hidden beneath the wide folds of his zarape, which fell from his shoulders to his knees, had escaped the notice of his guards, who, moreover, acting in conformity with the orders the general had himself given, had not attempted to approach the prisoner.

As he had resolved, the Canadian seated himself as comfortably as he could, with his back against the wall, lit his pipe, and fell into a deep reverie. He smoked thus for a few minutes with all the beatitude of an Indian sachem, when he gave a start of surprise, almost of terror, on hearing a sarcastic voice say, two paces from him—

"Ah, ah! the pale face escaped the Red Skins, but his own brothers have seized him."

"Is there another prisoner in this dungeon?" the hunter asked.

"Yes," the stranger said, laconically.

"Who may you be, comrade; and why do you seem to rejoice so greatly at my misfortune?"

"Running Water is a chief," the voice answered. "His heart is glad when he sees a pale face suffer."

"Much good may it do you, chief; but I don't exactly see what profit you can derive from my sufferings."

"Running Water is an enemy of the Yoris."

"In the first place, Red Skin, let us settle facts. I am not a Yori, but a Canadian hunter, which I take some pride in informing you is by no means the same thing."

"Does my brother speak truly? Is he really a great heart of the cast?"

"I fancy that you can recognize that fact from my way of speaking Spanish. But where the deuce are you stowed away, chief, for I cannot see you?"

"I am close to my brother, seated on his right hand."

The hunter looked carefully in the direction which the strange speaker indicated, and at length distinguished a human form crouched in a corner of the wall.

"On my word," he continued, "I am not sorry to have some one to talk to, for time passes more quickly. Tell me, chief, what have you done to be here?"

"Are not the Indians hunted like wild beasts by the Yoris?" he answered, bitterly. "Is a pretext wanted to kill a Red Skin?"

"That is true, chief. You are right. It is unhappily but too true. And have you been a prisoner long?"

"Running Water fell into the trap he set for others. The sun was level with the lowest branches at the moment when his enemies threw him into this hole like an unclean beast."

"That is a sad thing for you, chief; the more so, as in all probability you will only leave it to march to your death."

"It will be welcome," the Indian said, in a hollow voice, "since Running Water's vengeance has escaped him."

There was a silence, during which the two men reflected.

"If you succeeded in getting out of this hole, as you term it so correctly," the Canadian presently continued, "and your liberty were restored you, would you be grateful to the man who did you so great a service?"

"My life would belong to him," the Indian exclaimed, eagerly; but quickly recovering himself, he added, "Why should I believe such words? All the pale faces have crooked tongues; moreover, is not my brother a prisoner also?"

"That is true; but I may possibly find means to aid your escape. I have my plan; although my detention ought to be short, I have but very slight confidence in the word of a man who, contrary to the law of nations, put me here; and, perhaps, instead of waiting for a problematical to-morrow, I shall attempt to escape with you to-night. I am not at all anxious to dance at the end of a rope."

The greater part of this explanation was thrown away on the Red Skin, who did not understand it in spite of the great attention he paid to the hunter.

"Hence," the latter continued, "if you will let me act in my own way, we shall probably go away together, the more so because I have no reason to owe you a grudge, as you never did me any harm."

"Running Water is a chief," the Red Skin replied, emphatically; "he will not lie to save his life."

"Good. I know the principles of you Indians, and that when you believe yourself at death's door, you seem to forget your system of dissimulation, so explain yourself. I shall put faith in your words whatever you may say."

"Let my brother listen. He was attacked two nights ago by the Red Skins."

"True, chief. It would be droll had you been among the Indians who attacked us."

"Running Water was there, but was ignorant of my brother's presence. He only attacked the Yoris."

"What you say seems to me tolerably probable. Still, White Crow came to my camp and I had a rather long interview with him."

"My brother's words are true, but at that time the attack was resolved on."

"In that case, I have nothing more to say. It was all right, for war has its laws. Still, listen to me, chief, your words have caused me to reflect."

"Ah!" the Indian said bitterly, "has the pale face changed his opinion now?"

"Not positively, chief. Still, I confess frankly to you that, after the avowal you have made, I feel a certain repulsion to joining my fortunes to yours."

"What do the pale faces care for an Indian's life? He is not a man."

"You wrong me, chief; but I know that misfortune makes men unjust, and I forgive you."

"My brother is generous," the chief remarked ironically.

"More so than you imagine; if you will be pleased to listen without interruption you shall have a proof of it."

"My brother can speak, my ears are open."

"I repeat that for certain present reasons I prefer remaining here, and running the risk of what may happen to trying to escape with you; but, for all that, I will not desert you, and, on the contrary, give you the means to attempt a flight."

"Good, what are the means?"

The Canadian drew his knife from the sheath.

"It is probable," he continued, "that a gaoler will soon come to bring us food, for I do not suppose that they intend us to die of hunger. Take this knife; notice, by-the-by, that it is a most valuable weapon for a prisoner, and that I give up mine for your sake. When the man to whom I refer appears, you will see what you have to do. Still, avoid killing him if you can, for we must never kill even an enemy unnecessarily."

The Indian seized the knife which the Canadian handed him, brandished it round his head with a laugh of savage joy, and then passed it through his belt.

"Thanks, pale face," he said with an accent of profound gratitude. "You have done more for me than I ever could have expected from a man of your color. To you I shall owe my escape from death, liberty, and the accomplishment of the vengeance I have so long been pursuing. My life belongs to you, henceforth you are the master of it. Remember that you have a brother among the Comanches; the Red Skins never forget an insult, and always retain the memory of a kindness. Now, I am certain that you are not a Yori. May the Wacondah protect and be ever favorable to you. You have caused my heart a sensation of happiness such as it has not felt for many years."

After uttering these words with all the emphasis natural to his race, the Indian chief crouched down facing the door, and awaited with feverish impatience the arrival of the gaoler. The Canadian laughed inwardly at the trick he was about to play the general. In his opinion, what he had done was quite fair; he had no consideration to maintain for individuals who had disregarded the law of nations in their treatment of him, and after threatening to hang him, cast him like a dog into a filthy dungeon. Besides, he had for the Indians generally that instinctive pity which strong men feel for those whom they believe intellectually inferior to them. And then, was not the Indian a prisoner like himself? He, therefore, regarded him as an ally, and in favoring his flight, he secured himself a valuable friend for the future in the event of his falling into the hands of the Red Skins.

The two men remained silent, for they had nothing more to say to each other. Several hours elapsed in this way. The Red Skin, calm, cold, and motionless, was watching for the arrival of the gaoler, as the jaguar of his forests does the prey that nourishes it, and the hunter, careless of what was going on around him, had wrapped himself in his zarape, and was leaning half asleep against the wall. Probably, in the confusion of the festival, the man ordered to supply the prisoners with food let the hour pass, for the sun had long set, although the denizens of the dungeon could not perceive the fact, and nothing led to the supposition that they would be fed.

"The deuce," the Canadian at length said, shaking himself ill-temperedly, "do these gavachos of Spaniards intend to keep us without supper? I am dying of hunger, caral! and you, chief, do you not feel the want of some food, were it only a lump of hard bread?"

"The Red Skins are not greedy squaws. They can endure hunger without complaining."

"All that is very fine, but I am not an Indian, and when I have nothing to eat, deuce take me if I do not become ferocious."

"Silence," the Indian said as he listened attentively, "my brother will soon eat. I hear footsteps approaching."

The adventurer held his tongue. For a moment he forgot his hunger to witness the scene that was about to take place. A considerable period of time elapsed ere the noise which had struck the practised ear of the savage was perceptible to the hunter. At length he heard the sound of footsteps, which grew louder and louder. A key turned in the lock, the bolts were drawn, the door swung back on its rusty hinges, and a man entered, holding a lantern in one hand and a basket in the other.

At the moment when this individual appeared in the doorway, the Indian leapt on him with a tiger's bound, threw him down and seized him by the throat; before the poor fellow so unexpectedly attacked had time to utter a cry or make the slightest effort in his defence, he was bound and gagged. The Comanche, leaping over his body, ran down the passage and disappeared with extraordinary rapidity. All this took place so hurriedly, that the hunter guessed rather than saw what had occurred. The gaoler still lay motionless, with half his body inside, the other half outside, the dungeon. When the Indian had disappeared, the hunter rose and went up to the gaoler.

"What the deuce are you doing there?" he said, as he bent over him and freed him with a studied slowness from the bonds and the gag which the chief had driven in so conscientiously that he had almost choked his man. When the gaoler was liberated, and put on his legs again by his prisoner, he looked around him in alarm, breathed forcibly two or three times, and then, uttering an exclamation of rage, he dashed down the passage with shouts and oaths, forgetting in his hurry to lock the cell-door.

"Seek him," the hunter muttered with a cunning look, "you will be very clever if you catch him. I know not what will come of all this; but the general will be furious, and that is the main point."

And, without dreaming of imitating the chief's example, he picked up the lantern, which by a singular chance had not been extinguished, took the basket, returned to the cell, sat down on the ground with the light in front of him, and began eating with philosophic ease, growling from time to time at the parsimony of the Spaniards, who had hardly given him enough to appease his outrageous hunger. The Canadian was in the thick of this agreeable operation, when he suddenly heard in the passage a tremendous tumult of shouts and hurried footsteps, mingled with the clang of arms. A few minutes after, twenty officers and soldiers dashed like a whirlwind into the dungeon, among them being the gaoler, who alone gesticulated and shouted more than all the rest. On seeing the hunter quietly engaged in eating, they stopped in amazement, so convinced were they that he would have escaped too. When the agitation and tumult were slightly appeased, and it became possible to hear anything, one of the officers at length addressed the hunter.

"What," he asked him, "have you not gone?"

"I," he replied, looking up stupidly, "why should I do so, as I shall be free to-morrow?"

"You helped your companion's flight," the gaoler said, shaking his fist at him.

"You are an idiot, my friend; the man could not be my companion, as he is an Indian," he said, with the greatest calmness.

This remark so agreed with the ideas of his hearers, who, in their Castilian pride, did not admit that an Indian was a man like another, that the conversation broke off abruptly here; the more so, because nobody could suppose that a man who had favored the flight of another, would not have escaped himself. Hence, instead of reproaching the hunter, the Spaniards apologized to him, and went away, astonished at the philosophy of this man, who, when an opportunity for freedom presented itself, preferred remaining a prisoner. When the door closed on him again, the Canadian burst into an Homeric laugh, and made his arrangements to pass the night in the least discomfort possible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fresh Air as a Means of Grace.

FROM "THE METHODIST."

It is not from want of reverence that we associate fresh air with means of grace, but from a deep conviction that there is a more intimate relation between them than is usually supposed. Services of prayer and praise can be better performed if the body be in a healthy condition; hence, whatever tends to weaken or to oppress it must, to a greater or less extent, interfere with the legitimate workings of what are called "means of grace;" while whatever tends to preserve the bodily strength becomes, in like manner, a help to those means. The connection between man's material and spiritual natures is too often overlooked; there can be no real healthy progress unless both are recognized. Bring together a company of people to listen to a sermon and to join in other religious services, and put them in a position of positive discomfort, where they will be perpetually reminded of the subjection of the longing soul to the weakness of the body, and what wonder if the exercises become wearisome and barren of profit! True, devout hearts can worship God anywhere; but they will have more enjoyment and profit in the service if they can forget for a while the imprisonment of the soul in the body.

This fact we suppose to be at the foundation of the efforts made to introduce into our church buildings the varied contrivances for comfort. The worship of God can be performed in barns—it has often been so done; but never where a better place could be had; and then the barns have been made as comfortable as possible. No doubt there were devout worshippers in the old-time churches, with straight, high-back, cushionless pews, and no heat save from portable foot-stoves, even in the coldest days of winter. But who will deny that more attention could have been paid to the worship if the mind had been less distracted by the uncomfortable seats and by the pinching cold?

But, with all our latter-day improvements, which give us cushioned seats, hot air from furnaces, "dim religious light from stained glass, frescoing, carving, gilding, and ornamentation in colors to gratify the eye, and music from pealing organs to arrest the ear, the important matter of fresh air is strangely neglected. Every part of the body is cared for but the lungs, and they are left alone to fight the deadly phantom of foul air, which, like a skeleton at a feast, is sure to come, in the midst of all this lavish outlay of money, and this wonderful display of beauty. We are not certain but it would be better to go back to the old barns, and plain, barn-like churches of former days; for, with all their defects, they were pretty sure of a good supply of fresh air. But it would be better still if our beautiful churches would add to their improvements the very important item of ventilation. We have known costly churches to be built without the slightest attention paid to ventilation, except through the windows, and every one knows how much air to expect from Gothic windows as they are usually made.

Many a good sermon has been spoiled for want of fresh air during its delivery. The preacher has felt heavy and the people drowsy; the one, perhaps, blaming his flock for listlessness, and the other finding fault with the minister for being uninteresting; while all the time the fault was in the foul air. Who has not noticed the deadening effects of bad air in a prayer-meeting, when held, as such meetings often are, in the basement of a church—a room usually built with height of ceiling absurdly low in proportion to its size? In such a place, full of people, the air becomes vitiated in a few minutes, and every breath inhaled after that is poison. We have no doubt that many ministers have broken down in health and gone to premature graves by reason of preaching and praying, night after night, for weeks at a time, in badly-ventilated rooms.

Architects, building committees, trustees, and sextons ought to have some one to remind them perpetually that fresh air is a vital necessity in churches. Better do without almost anything else than this. A living gospel ought never to be preached in a dead atmosphere. Give us plenty of pure air, and the preachers will preach better, the brethren will pray better, the people will sing better, all our meetings will be better attended, and followed by better consequences. Give each one of us our forty cubic inches of fresh air for every inspiration, and for every minute of the service the eighteen pints to which we are each justly entitled, according to the doctors, and we shall complain less of languor, headaches, poor preaching, and dull meetings, and be less in danger of backsliding; for we devoutly believe that fresh air is a means of grace.

"A CHILD is born; now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues;
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if that lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
Oh who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

☞ BEAT THIS WHO CAN.—The Coos Republican has been keeping a record of big beets, but announces at last that "the beet that beat the beet that beat the other beet, is now beaten by a beet that beats all the beets, whether the original beet, the beet that beat the beet, or the beet that beat the beet that beat the beet."

☞ THE POMPEII OF MEXICO.—A lost city has been discovered near Chaleo, by some road diggers. It is not known when it was buried. Cindered bodies were found in the houses. There is no appearance of any volcano near. The discovery of this subterranean city will afford a great field of exploration.

☞ The Chicago pork packers' association has resolved that each packer shall hereafter brand his own name upon each barrel of mess pork instead of the word "standard," as formerly. Hereafter those who pack bad meat will get the credit of it.

Table Manners.

To meet at the breakfast-table father, mother, children, all well, ought to be happiness to any heart; it should be a source of humble gratitude, and should wake up the warmest feelings of our nature. Shame upon the contemptible and lowbred cur, whether parent or child, that can ever come to the breakfast-table, where all the family have met in health, only to frown, and whine, and growl, and fret; it is *prima facie* evidence of a mean grovelling and selfish and degraded nature, whencesoever the churl may have sprung. Nor is it less reprehensible to make such exhibitions at the tea-table; for before the morning comes, some of the little circle may be stricken with some deadly disease, never to gather round that table again forever.

Children in good health, if left to themselves at the table, become, after a few mouthfuls, garrulous and noisy; but if within at all reasonable or bearable grounds, it is better to let them alone; they eat less, because they do not eat so rapidly as if compelled to keep silent, while the very exhilaration of spirit quickens the circulation of the vital fluid, and energizes digestion and assimilation. The extremes of society curiously meet in this regard. The tables of the rich and nobles of England are models of mirth, wit and bonhommie; it takes hours to get through a repast, and they live long. If anybody will look in upon the negroes of a well-to-do family in Kentucky, while at their meals, they cannot be but impressed with the perfect abandon of jabber, cachination and mirth; it seems as if they could talk all day, and they live long. It follows, then, that at the family table all should meet, and do it habitually, to make a common exchange of high-bred courtesies, of warm affections, of cheering mirthfulness and that generosity of nature which lifts us above the brutes which perish, promotive as these things are of good digestion, high health and a long life. —*Hall's Journal.*

☞ A youngster in Peoria, Ill., recently, in exploring his sister's things, came across a package of letters, duly tied up and laid away, being a correspondence which she was carrying on with a nice young man. He carried them down on the street, and, standing on a corner, gave them away, singly, to the passers by! Nice boy!

☞ During the last racing season in England, ending with October, three horses won $170,575—Formosa $130,015, See-saw $30,765, and Paul Jones $15,785. They are all the progeny of the famous horse Buccaneer.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been more doing. About 12,000 bbls sold at $6,75@7 for superfine; $6,75@7,50 for extra; $7,25@8,25 for common to choice Northwest extra family; $8,50@10,50 for Penna extra family; $9@11 for Ohio, St. Louis and Indiana and extra family, and $11,25@13 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. 300 bbls Rye Flour sold at $7,75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat is scarce. About 20,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $2,05@2,10 for prime; $2@2,05 for fair to good; $1,85@1,95 for common, and 20,000 bus of Western and Southern amber at $2,10@2,20 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye; 3500 bus of Penna and Western sold at $1,50@1,55 ₱ bus; Corn; 40,000 bus of Western mixed sold at $1,16@1,18; 12,000 bus of prime yellow at $1,15@1,17; 5000 bus of wagonly yellow at $1,10@1,12, and 6000 bus of new yellow at 90c@$1 ₱ bus, as to condition. Oats; 27,000 bus of Penna and Western sold at 68@72c, and 20,000 bus of light Southern and Penna at 59@63c ₱ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of Mess Pork at $23@23,25. Mess Beef sells at $22@24 for city packed. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 15@18c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 16½@18c, shoulders at 12@12½c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 15@17c; and Shoulders at 12c. Lard—Sales of 800 bbls and tes Western at 17c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 29@35c, and prime Western and Pennsylvania at 25@26c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 17½@18c. Eggs sell at 39@40c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been quiet. About 600 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 34½@35c for Uplands, and 35½@36c for New Orleans.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is rather more doing. Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $42@43; No 2 at $38@40. Scotch Pig at $48 ₱ ton, and Forge at $36@38 ₱ Manufactured Iron commands $47,50 ₱ ton for Bars.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 8@9 cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 4@4½c ₱ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $11,00 to 12,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

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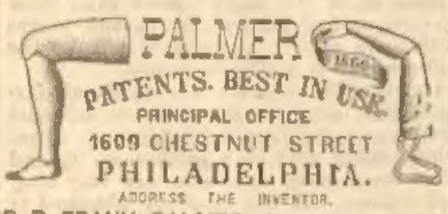

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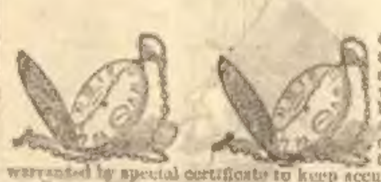

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SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

Dr. J. A. Sherman, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway.

Dr. Sherman's Inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

Dr. Sherman is the founder of the "Marmio Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps. je12-1y

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Offers GREATER ADVANTAGES to Policy-holders than any company in this country.

Incorporated A. D. 1851. Charter Perpetual.

T. F. PLUNKETT, President.
BENJ. CHICKERING, Secretary.
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Assets	$1,000,000
Annual Income	500,000

Dividends paid annually, on the Contribution Plan, from 25 to 70 per cent.

All the profits are divided among the Policy-holders. Dividends paid to Policy-holders this year $[illegible],000.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL or its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

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EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment will continue the policy in force two years and three days.
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General Agent and Attorney for Pennsylvania,
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☞ AGENTS WANTED.

BELCHER, JAMES & CO.'S

Great One Dollar Sale.

THE MOST LIBERAL CONCERN OF THE KIND IN THE COUNTRY.

☞ *The smallest article on our checks can be exchanged at any time for a splendid large Concertina, or a five-bottle revolving silver plated Castor, or twenty-four French Stereoscopic Views.*

We have on hand over half a million dollars' worth of goods. The largest and most valuable stock of Linens, Woolens, Cottons, Flannels, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Meerschaum Pipes, &c., &c., of ANY DOLLAR SALE House in America. We import our own goods, and can sell in large or small quantities at importers' prices. *This never has been done before*, and is causing a complete panic among wholesalers and retailers, wherever our goods are sent. If you wish to buy goods cheap, *Now is the time!* WE ARE BOUND TO SELL! Everything sold at the uniform rate of **One Dollar Each.** Those getting up clubs for other firms will do well to stop where they are, and *send for our Circular.* Our inducements are double those of any other concern.

AGENTS, LOOK HERE!

For a Club of Thirty, and $2, we send one of the following articles. Free of Charge:—24 yards of heavy brown or bleached yard wide Sheeting; 1 Double Lens French Stereoscope, with 24 rich foreign views; 1 Ladies' real Morocco Travelling Bag; 20 pairs Ladies' fine Merino Stockings; 1 genuine Meerschaum Pipe, amber mouthpiece, in splendid case; 1 Violin and Bow in box complete; All-Wool Cassimere for pants; 1 pair Ladies' extra quality Cloth Boots; 1 dozen fine Linen Towels; 1 Steel Carving Knife and Fork with ivory balanced handle, very best quality; Gents' heavy chased solid Gold Ring; Elegant Delaine Dress Pattern; 1 dozen heavy silver plated white metal Dessert Forks; 1 dozen Rogers Bros. best heavy plated white metal Tea Spoons; 8 Engraved S. P. Napkin Rings; 1 rich 20-keyed metal bound Concertina, retails for $10.

For a Club of Fifty, and $5, one of the following articles:—1 Web of heavy brown or bleached yard wide Sheeting; 1 black or colored Alpaca Dress Pattern; 1 pair All-Wool Blankets; Engraved silver plated 6 bottle Revolving Castor; 1 set ivory balanced Knives, with silver plated white metal Forks; 1 pair Gents' Calf Boots; 25 yds good Print; 4 yds double width Water-Proof for Cloaking; 1 Square Wool Shawl; 3½ yds very fine Cassimere for pants and vest; Beautiful Poplin Dress Pattern; 100-Picture Turkey Morocco Photograph Album.

For a Club of One Hundred, and $10, presents varying in value from $15 to $25. *Club of Five Hundred, and* $50, presents from $60 to $100. Larger clubs increased in the same ratio. Premiums sent with goods.

Circulars free to any address. Send all money by registered letter or money order. Address

BELCHER, JAMES & CO.,
Successors to A. S. Hardy & Co.,
oct31-4t 7 and 9 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS and a 50 cent stamp, redeemable at my office, given every applicant. Male and female agents wanted in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars free, together with the 50 cent stamp by return mail. Sample retailing at $2.25 for 25 cents. C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New St., New York City. Inclose 3cent stamp. oct3-6m

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

have the FINEST TONE, more POWER, and it takes LESS MONEY to buy them than any other INSTRUMENT in the market. Great inducements offered to Sunday-schools and churches. A liberal discount made to clergymen. Send for a circular and price list.

E. M. BRUCE,
18 North Seventh Street,
mar14-tf Philadelphia.

VERMONT SPRING.

This Spring, which has become so celebrated as a remedy for diseases commonly deemed incurable, is on the Missisquoi River, in Sheldon, Vt. Among the diseases actually cured are Cancer, Scrofula, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Salt Rheum, Syphilis, Diseases of the Skin, the Eye, the Scalp, Nervous Prostration, Female Complaints.

It was discovered a little over a year since, and immediately won distinction by curing invalids who had tried other springs in vain; and it has now gained a home and European reputation unequalled in so brief a period by any remedial spring in the world.

Its claims are based solely upon its merits.

It has a healing power, equalled by no other spring known, and analysis shows that it possesses properties found in no other. As there is a liability to confound this with other springs in the same vicinity, the bottles are marked in full: "*Vermont Spring, SAXE & CO., Sheldon, Vt.*"

Send for pamphlets.

The water is sold by the principal Druggists, and at the Spring, and by SAXE & CO.,
417 Broome St., New York.
and by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN,
sep5-18t 602 Arch St., Philadelphia.

WHY WILL YOU BE

ROBBED

by unprincipled dealers, when by sending direct to EASTMAN & KENDALL, 63 Hanover St., Boston, Mass., you can have a choice in two or three hundred different articles for a dollar, and save two or three profits on Dry

AND

Fancy Goods of almost every kind. We now offer as commission to any one sending in a club of sixty in our Great One Price sale, 40 yards *best* Cotton Sheeting, and commission on larger and smaller clubs in the same proportion when paid in other goods. The ladies are especially invited to send us a trial club. All goods damaged in transportation are replaced free of charge. Don't be

CHEATED

by small dealers into believing that they can sell as cheap as we do, for it is simply impossible. Our popular club system of selling is as follows: For $2 we send 20 patent pen fountains (10 cts. for each) and checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a dollar each. 60 for $3; 60 for $5; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Don't fail to send money in Registered Letters. Single fountain and check, 10 cts. Send for Circular and Exchange List.

N. B. Our sale should *not* be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
63 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.
oct17-2m

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the

ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,
jy18-1y 48 North Front St., Philadelphia.

$250 PER MONTH GUARANTEED. Sure Pay. Salaries paid weekly. Agents wanted everywhere to sell our *Patent Everlasting White Wire Clothes Lines.* Call at or address the Girard Wire Mills, Philadelphia, Pa. nov14-4t

AGENTS WANTED.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. BARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills. sep26-6m

NINETEEN.

I am so filled with unrest to-night!
I sit by my window and watch the light
Grow dim and faint in the western skies,
And my heart beats low, and my lips breathe sighs,
For something so precious is floating away
Just out of my reach in the twilight gray.

The last faint beam in the west has fled,
The stars come forth, the day is dead;
The wheels of time roll swiftly on,
And nineteen years of my life are gone.
I call to the sunbeam, "Return, I pray!
You know not *what* you are bearing away."
But I watch, and weep, and call in vain;
It never will come to me again.

A LOVE SONG.

Droop, droop, soft little eyelids!
Droop over eyes of weird wild blue!
Under the fringe of those tremulous skylids
Glances of love and fun peep through.

Sing, sing, sweetest of maidens!
Carol away with thy white little throat!
Echo awakes to the exquisite cadence
Here on the magical mere afloat.

Dream, dream, heart of my own love!
Sweet is the wind from the odorous south—
Sweet is the island we sail to alone, love—
Sweet is a kiss from thy ruddy young mouth.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A Backwoods Verdict.

At a little backwoods saw-mill settlement called Alberni, Vancouver Island, an Indian had been stealing potatoes from a farm belonging to Mr. Sproat, the local justice, and in order to frighten this Indian, the man in charge, who was a Western backwoods-man, fired his gun vaguely in the potato-field direction. To his astonishment he shot the native dead. An inquest had to be held. The wood-men, of course, looked upon a slain Indian as a very light affair, and several came to Mr. Sproat, and said: "You are not going to trouble Henry about this, are you, sir?" Mr. Sproat, being not only master, but also a magistrate, had only to reply that however much he felt for the man's misfortune, he must let the law take its course. But where was a surgeon to be found, to make a post-mortem examination? A careworn looking man stepped off a pile of lumber where he was working, and said he was a surgeon. This statement being naturally received with some hesitation, he produced from an old army chest his commission, his degree, and ample proof of not only having been a medical man, but of once having been a staff surgeon. He soon produced a pea from the lung, and showed that the Indian had died from gunshot wounds in the chest. Evidence was produced in corroboration, one of the witnesses testifying that the prisoner had said, "Jack, I've shot an Indian." The "judge" laid down their duty to the jury, which was composed of twelve of the most intelligent workmen, and they were sent into another room for their finding. It was nearly half an hour before they returned. The foreman then said: "We find the siwash* was worried by a dog." "A what?" the judge exclaimed. "Worried by a dog, sir," said another juryman, fearing that the foreman had not spoken clearly. Assuming a proper expression of magisterial gravity, his worship pointed out to the jury the incompatibility of their finding with the evidence, and again went over the points of the case, calling particular attention to the medical evidence, and the production by the doctor of the pea found in the body of the Indian; after which he, a second time, dismissed the jury to their room, and begged them to come back with some verdict reasonably connected with the facts of the case. They were away longer than before. When they at length sidled back into the room for the second time, the judge drew a paper towards him to record their finding. "Now, men, what do you say?" Their decisive answer was, "We say he was killed by falling over a cliff." The judge shuffled his papers together, and told the jurymen they might go to their work, and he would return a verdict for them himself. For a full mile, every way from where the dead body was found, the country was as level as a table.

This jury was not so conscientious as another, composed of the friends of some people accused of stealing pork; "We find the defendants not guilty; *but we believe they hooked the pork.*"

*Siwash, corrupted from the voyageurs' Sauvage, a savage, universally applied to Indians on the North Pacific Coast.

A Chapter on Cats.

On cats I don't go very heavy. Not so much on account of their staying out late nites, dispensing mournful lirricks, as the habit they have of going intew fits, and playing Mazeppa on the ceiling.

It's a very pecoolar trait of the cat, them fits are. They don't seem to mind them much, and allus recover. I give my old Malty cat fits a while ago, but she didn't recover. Not herself.

I recovered her.

I will let you into the facts of the case. I hung her by the neck one day and one-half on an improved gallus, and then covered her over with dirt. But I hed only hung eight lives out of her, and I found her nex morning at the kitchen door, waiting for her rations. I strateway took her remaining life. She is now one of the things that wert. The feelin quire have lost a powerful tenor, and her voice is silent perpetual.

When cats are first born they are seeless. A grate many go in swimmin the first thing they do after being born, in an old bag as a bathing-habit, with a big rock tied to it—rocked in the cradle of the deep, as it wer.

Cats are mentioned by poets, as will be observed by the following cotation:—

Hi diddle diddle,
The cat's in the fiddle, & so 4th.

Cats live on mackril heads, cold pieces, young birds, & so 4th. If hard up for a lunch they catch a mows. They are very fond of laying under a warm stove. Give a cat fourteen fish heads for dinner, and then let her stretch herself under a hot stove, and you have a picture of unaloyed bliss.

They are not ov a very loving disposition, and when in trouble are not very kind to each other. In proof of this, hang two on them bi their tails over a klose line.

I guess I dont't know anything more about cats at present. That is to say, mi essa iz over.

N. B.—Cats don't cost anything.

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

ARTIST (as a hint to his friend).—"Bless me! five o'clock! I had no idea it was so late. How quickly time does fly now!"

YANKEE.—"Which I calc'late is all owin' to the vast improvements effected in clocks by our great country."

A Theatrical Anecdote.

Tom Cook tells a story of an occurrence at a provincial theatre in Ireland, where Macready was personating Virginius. In preparing for the scene in which the body of Dentatus is brought on the stage, the manager called to Pat, his property-man, for the bier. Pat being of a "heavy" temperament, responded to the call by saying that he would fetch it "immaditly." Pat next made his appearance with a full foaming pot of the right sort, and was received with a thousand and one curses for his stupidity. "The bier, you blockhead!" thundered the manager. "And isn't it here?" exclaimed Pat, presenting the mug. "Not that, you jackass—I mean the barrow for Dentatus." "Then, why don't you call things by their right names?" muttered Pat. "Who would suppose you meant the barrow when you called for beer?"

Revolutions in Central America.

In a late letter, Mark Twain writes:—"They have a 'revolution' in Central America every time the moon changes. All you have to do is to get out in the street, in Panama or Aspinwall, and give a whoop, and the thing is done. Shout, down with the administration! and up with somebody else, and revolution follows. Nine-tenths of the people break for home, slam the doors behind them, and get under the bed. The other tenth go and overturn the government and banish the officials, from president down to notary public. Then for the next thirty days, they inquire anxiously of all comers what sort of a stir their little shivaree made in Europe and America? By that time the next revolution is ready to be touched off, and out *they* go."

The Origin of Cats.

The Egyptians adored the cat as a divinity, and the Swiss have chosen it as the symbol of liberty. History rarely condescends to mention it, and the poets in general ignore it; for, however valuable its qualities, the cat is not poetical. Yet Goldsmith has given it a place in his exquisite "Hermit:"

"Around in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling fagot flies."

It is a common thing enough to call men "dogs," but Volumnia, in "Coriolanus," calls them "cats." In speaking of her son, she says:

"'Twas you incensed the rabble:
Cats: that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know."

As to "the brindled cat" that mewed twice before the three witches in "Macbeth" entered the cave, we can only applaud Shakspeare's good taste in giving her the precedence in that grand scene.

For nearly a thousand years Western Christendom scarcely knew the blessings of cats; and how rats and mice were kept down, when no four-footed policeman patrolled the kitchen, is more than we can guess. In the tenth and eleventh centuries very high prices were given for good mousers. They were of Nubian origin, and descended from those domestic cats which the Egyptians certainly possessed, which exist to our own day in the form of mummies, and are represented on many monuments of Thebes. No one knows how they found their way into Europe; but there is reason to believe that the Romans imported them from the banks of the Nile in small numbers and at rare intervals.

Our ancestors had so high a sense of the usefulness of this animal that Howell Dha, or Howell the Good, inserted among his laws one expressly concerning it. The price of a kitling, before it could see, was to be a penny, and when it had killed a mouse, two pence. If its hearing or seeing was imperfect—if it had not whole claws—did not go on killing mice, or proved a bad mother—the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the fine he had to pay was a milch ewe, with her lamb and fleece, or as much wheat as would cover the cat when held up by the tail, with its head touching the floor. No reduction was to be made. The very tip of pussy's tail must be covered with the culprit's wheat. Thus the price of cats was high, considering the value of specie at that period, and the fact of laws being made to protect the breed of an animal which multiplies so fast shows that in the Middle Ages it must have been scarce in Wales.

☞ Washington owned, at the time of making his will, 53,870 acres of land, in six states.

The Last of the Samaritans.

In that same valley of Palestine where Abraham and his grandson, Jacob, built their altars to Jehovah, and where some sixteen centuries later the Saviour talked with the woman of Samaria by Jacob's Well, the last remnant of the sect of the Samaritans, numbering only about forty families, is now rapidly dwindling away.

A traveller who has recently resided three months among these unmixed descendants of the best blood of ancient Israel, assures us that as regards their dress, manners, social customs, religious rites and other tribal peculiarities, they are the fac similes of their ancestors of a thousand years ago. They have never intermarried with any other race, and claim to be the true "sons of Joseph," whose tomb is in their valley. It is said to observe their domestic life is to live in Biblical atmosphere, and to return to the days of the patriarchs. The law is read to them from Gerizim, as it was read to their forefathers from the same sacred mountain as early as the days of Joshua; and along the base of Mount Ebal camels wind their way, carrying on the traffic between Jerusalem and Galilee as it was carried on in the era of the Evangelists.

From 1806 to 1846 the Samaritans were prevented by the Mahometans from celebrating the Passover on Mount Gerizim; but twenty years ago, by Christian intercession, the privilege was restored to them. Their days are numbered; but their history and traditions will cling to the "Valley of Sechem" as long as time lasts. The Greek Church has purchased the Well of Jacob, and filled its mouth with stones, preparatory to erecting a temple over it. It would have been in better taste to leave it as it was when the patriarch watered his flocks there, and as it remained when the Holy Founder of the new dispensation drank of its pure "sweet water."

The few surviving Samaritans are said to be worthy of their lineage and of the ancient fame of their sect—upright, benevolent, and remarkable for their physical beauty and lofty bearing. Their surroundings are so grand and solemn, that they could scarcely be otherwise than a poetic people. Tabernacled under the shadow of Mount Moriah, on the site of the "City of Refuge," and with the rock of the Holy Place, the stones set up by Joshua, and the spot on which Abraham prepared his son Isaac for the sacrifice, close at hand, we may well suppose that these, the noblest specimens of the Hebrew race, pass their lives in a sort of religious ecstacy, in which the comparative degradation of their present condition is forgotten in the contemplation of a miraculous past.

How Stupid.

To walk along the street with an umbrella or cane under your arm, the point sticking out for everybody to run his face into. How stupid for three ladies to walk abreast, and move so slowly that persons in a hurry must either go between them or get into the gutter. How stupid to puff and blow, and well-nigh faint upon ascending a stairway, with forty pounds of fashionable cloak on your back. How stupid to go late to church and annoy the minister and congregation by your fussy entrance. How stupid to wear a dress four feet too long, and then look daggers if any one steps on it. How stupid to walk for exercise when you need rest. How stupid not to know what you want when you go into a dry goods store. How stupid to eat when you're not hungry. How stupid to smother the smell of your unwashed person in musk or other disagreeable perfumes. How stupid to think that people's opinion of you increases in proportion to the cost of your clothes. How stupid to refuse to sing or play, when urged; or to bore people to distraction by both singing and playing when not asked.

Absinthe.

The drink called "absinthe," which is used extensively in France, and we understand to some extent in New York city, owes its peculiar intoxicating properties to the essential principle contained in *absinthium* (or wormwood,) from which it takes its name. A French physician, who has been studying the different alcholic drinks served to thirsty people, says: "Absinthe is prepared by distilling sprigs of wormwood, angelica root, etc. This mixture appears simple. You have heard of prussic acid, which instantly kills any animal touched by it? Pour six drops of prussic acid into a quart of water; take another basin and pour six drops of absinthe into a quart of water. Throw into both basins some live fishes. Those thrown into the basin with absinthe will die four times sooner than those thrown into the basin containihg prussic acid."

AGRICULTURAL.

Farm Items.

—It is remarked that the crop of dead leaves from the trees was never known to be so large as it is this year.

—The foliage of trees in England is usually larger, and much deeper and darker in color, than in this country.

PUMPKINS FOR MILCH COWS.—We would say that pumpkins furnish a good feed for milch cows. The notion that they are injurious, especially if fed with the seeds in them, is unfounded. We have tried feeding them both with and without the seeds sufficient to satisfy us of the result.—*Maine Farmer.*

—The Iowa Agricultural College opens this month; receives pupils without distinction of sex. While the young men learn farming, the young women learn to cook and keep house.

—When a cow or ox gets choked, it is said that immediate relief may be obtained by strapping up a fore leg, and compelling the animal to jump. This will cause the obstruction to fly out.

— Mr. Joseph Brown, of Woodstock, bought a farm last year for less than $1,800, and raised this year 2,000 bushels of potatoes, about 1,600 of which were merchantable, and among the lot there were not two bushels of rotten ones. They were Jackson's, and grew on high land, not manured. He also secured fifty tons of hay. He wintered 78 sheep, which also turned out well. He sold $110 worth of wool, besides what he reserved for his own use; sold $100 worth of lambs, and kept 15 for the flock. He can sell his potatoes now at Bryant's Pond for 50 cents a bushel.—*Maine Farmer.*

—Geraniums may be kept until spring by being buried in dry land much as potatoes are buried. They should be laid in by the heel in a row, then covered with straw, over which boards should be placed so as to form a ridge, and the whole covered with earth to a depth, according to the climate, sufficient to keep out frost.

ABOUT HORSES.—From the Rochester Union we take the following:

Horses, as a general thing, get too much licking and too little feed. If a man loses his hat while driving his horse, he licks the horse to pay for it. If he runs into another wagon through his own carelessness, he licks his horse to make it all right. If he slips or stumbles, he gets licked for it; if he does anything he gets licked, and if he don't do anything he gets the same. A great many horses know "a sight" more than their drivers, and if they could change places with them society at large would be the gainers, and so would the horses.

COWS WITHHOLDING MILK.—As all farmers and dairymen are well aware, some cows possess the power of holding up or retaining their milk, or a portion of it, and often the milking process is not only long and tedious, but the quantity obtained is small in consequence of this failing. A correspondent of a Western paper says cows can be cured of this habit if they will drink sour milk. After drinking, and as soon as they begin to lick the pail, they will give down freely. He has tried it with cows that would give about two-thirds the proper quantity, retaining the other portion. Then he gives them the milk to drink, and waits until they begin to lick the pail, when he has no trouble in obtaining the remainder. He has tried meal, salt, and various things, but found nothing to produce such an effect as sour milk.

Agriculture in China.

The Chinamen, who walk over bridges built two thousand years ago, who cultivated the cotton plant centuries before this country was heard of, who fed silk worms before King Solomon built his throne, have fifty thousand square miles around Shanghai, which are called the Garden of China, and which have been tilled by countless generations. This area is as large as New York and Pennsylvania combined, and is all meadow land raised but a few feet above the river with lakes, rivers, canals—a complete network of water communication; the land under the highest tilth; three crops a year harvested; population so dense that, wherever you look, you see men and women in blue pants and blouse, so numerous that you fancy some fair or muster is coming off and all hands have turned out for a holiday.

RECEIPTS.

LEG OF MUTTON BOILED, CAPER SAUCE.—Wrap the leg up in a towel, over and over, tying up the ends. Put it in boiling water. A leg of mutton or an old turkey are the only fresh meats that are not spoiled by boiling. When done, take off the towel and dish it.

Set a tablespoonful of butter in the pan with the same of flour and stir. In two minutes set it a little aside, so it will not boil. Then put in a teaspoonful or more of capers, or nasturtions, and at once turn it over the mutton.

BROILED PARTRIDGES.—Cut them up the back, and lay them in salt and water for an hour. Baste frequently whilst on the gridiron with butter, salt and pepper. Serve on a chafing-dish.

KEDGEREE.—Boil some rice very dry; then add any kind of cold fish that has been cooked and chopped fine; a small piece of butter, pepper, salt, and a little cayenne, according to taste. Just before serving, stir in the yolk of a raw egg for five minutes over a quick fire. Has been much approved.

Any cold fish, 1 teacupful of boiled rice, 1 oz. of butter, 1 teaspoonful of mustard, 2 soft-boiled eggs, salt, and cayenne to taste. Pick the fish carefully from the bones, mix with the other ingredients, and serve very hot. The quantities may be varied according to the amount of fish used. The time required is a quarter of an hour after the rice is boiled.

SALT FISH CAKE.—Carefully take away all the bones, chop up the remains of yesterday's parsnips and potatoes; mix all together with the cold egg-sauce; put the whole in a pie-dish, and place it in the oven for half an hour. Look at it occasionally during the baking, and if it seems to get too dry, put a little fresh butter on the top. The plain, cold cod-fish treated in the same way, substituting oyster-sauce for egg-sauce, eats excellent.

TO CLEAN BLACK LACE.—Take the lace, and wipe off the dust carefully with a cambric handkerchief. Then pin it out upon a board, inserting a pin in each projecting point of the lace. Sponge it all over with table-beer, and do not remove the pins till it is perfectly dry. It will look quite fresh and new.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 47 letters.
My 4, 15, 21, 46, 47, 40, 31, was a Theban poetess.
My 44, 29, 40, 16, 31, 36, is a Theban poet.
My 4, 47, 25, 1, 37, 36, was a Spartan admiral.
My 34, 37, 38, 28, 6, 20, 45, 16, 18, 13, was a Spartan admiral.
My 32, 43, 37, 36, 45, 47, 23, 31, 30, was a Spartan general.
My 1, 28, 3, 20, 40, 23, 16, 25, 30, was an Athenian general.
My 42, 34, 22, 39, 36, 12, 33, 22, 10, was an Argive poetess.
My 27, 17, 1, 5, 4, 11, 18, 7, 47, was a Rhodian poet.
My 2, 4, 18, 26, 43, 14, 37, 39, was a Delphian prophet.
My 25, 41, 9, 8, 35, 38, 29, 30, was a general of modern Greece.
My whole is the name and last words of a celebrated general. "MINNIE HAHA."

Rebus.

A small quadruped.
A ruler in sacred things.
The religion of Mohammed.
A form of supplication used in public worship.
A Latin adverb.
One of the signs of the Zodiac.
A spear or javelin.
A species of rose.
A bridge in Venice.
Excessive joy.
The motto of the Prince of Wales.
A musical composition.
An Egyptian water plant.
A short poem.
A suburb in French cities.
A fragrant wood.
A head-dress.
A burnt sacrifice or offering.
A nobleman.
A native prince or king in India.
A species of wood.
Ridicule.
Crystallized vapor.
A celebrated strait.
A pillar.
A dwarf.
The Greek ritual.
My initials form a saying. ALEXIA.
Castle Dangerous, Arcadia.

Problem.

Two boatmen start at opposite points to row to the other's starting point, distance 8 miles. A, by having the advantage (hence B the disadvantage) of a uniform wind, performs his task 2½ times the quickest, and 48 minutes the soonest. Required—the time each was rowing, and the force of the wind per minute? W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Progression Question.

A gentleman bought 10 yards of cloth to get himself a suit made, paying therefor in such geometrical ratio per yard that for the last yard thereof he paid $20.48, paying in the whole $77.80 and 87 one hundred and twenty-eighths of a cent, ($77.80 87-128.) What did he pay for the first yard thereof, and at what increasing or decreasing ratio was the cloth per yard?
AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A reservoir full of water is fed by a stream at a uniform rate. Seventeen men can empty the reservoir in seven and a half days; but seven men require 45 days to empty it. In what time can fifty men empty it?
J. SCOTT.
Bucyrus, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are people who sit in free seats not likely to derive much benefit from going to church? Ans.—Because they get good for nothing.

☞ What axe holds its edge the longest, cuts the closest, and is the most expensive for a man to buy? Ans.—A meat axe.

☞ Why may a barber be said to fetter the alphabet? Ans.—Because he ties up *queues*, and puts *toupees* in irons.

☞ What is that which ties two persons, and only touches one? Ans.—A wedding-ring.

☞ Why are ships called she? Ans.—Because they always keep a man on the look-out.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Honduras. REBUS—"Love makes all things possible." (Lama, Opal, Vesta, Fimir, Memnon, Albion, Kelpie, Easter, Scudo, Anise, Lexicon, Lavender, Thrush, Harp, Isagon, Nickel, Green, Sepoy, Parnassus, Oriflamme, Seraph, Seneschal, Idocrase, Bagatelle, Laburnum, El Dorado.)

RECIPE FOR MEAD.—On twenty pounds of honey pour five gallons of boiling water; boil, and remove the scum as it rises; then add 1 oz. of best hops, and boil for ten minutes; now put the liquor into a tub to cool; when all but cold add a little yeast spread upon a slice of toasted bread; let it stand in a warm room. When fermentation is set up, put it into a cask, and fill up from time to time as the yeast runs out of the bung hole; when the fermentation has really finished bung it down, leaving a peg hole which may be soon closed. In less than a year it is fit to bottle.

STEWED BEANS.—Boil them in water in which a lump of butter has been placed; preserve them as white as you can; chop a few sweet herbs with some parsley very fine; then stew them in a pint of the water in which the leaves have been boiled, and to which a quarter of a pint of cream has been added; stew until quite tender, then add the beans, and stew five minutes, thickening with butter and flour.

WRINKLED SILK.—To make silk, which has been wrinkled and "tumbled," appear exactly like new, sponge it on the surface with a weak solution of gum-arabic or white glue, and iron it on the wrong side.

☞ The Oregon crops are very large. Wheat is selling at Portland at from sixty-five to seventy cents per bushel, and oats at from forty-five to fifty cents.

☞ Twenty-five thousand Irish left Ireland during the quarter ending June last.